

THE ILLUSTRATED

SPORTING & DRAMATIC

NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 84.—VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

PRICE SIXPENCE
By Post 6*½*d.



MR. HENRY IRVING AND MISS BATEMAN IN "MACBETH," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

RAILWAYS.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—Cheap First-Class Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.
Fare, there and back, First Class, 10s. Returning same day by any First-Class Train, including a Special Train at 9 p.m.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—EVERY SATURDAY. Fast Trains for Brighton leave Victoria at 11.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge 12 noon, calling at Croydon (East).

Fare—First Class, Half a Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion (Palace, Picture Gallery, and Grounds). Available to return by any train the same day.

Tickets and every information at the West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT,
London Bridge Terminus.

General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—ENFIELD AUTUMN STEEPELCHASES, OCT. 4.

TRAIN will run between LIVERPOOL-STREET and ENFIELD every half hour. Leaving Liverpool-street at 25 and 55 minutes past each hour, calling at Bishopsgate and the intermediate stations, and returning from Enfield at 11 and 41 minutes past each hour.

Fares to Enfield and back:

From	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
Bishopsgate (Low Level)	2s. 3d.	1s. 9d.	1s. 3d.
Liverpool-street	2s. 6d.	1s. 10d.	1s. 4d.
London, September, 1875.		S. SWARBRICK, General Manager	

LONDON and NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

PASSENGER-TRAIN ALTERATIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1875.

The 8 p.m. train from London to Scotland will be discontinued.

The 8.40 p.m. Limited Mail from London will convey 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Tourist Passengers from London only to Scotland only. Passengers must secure their seats beforehand.

A Sleeping-Saloon for Glasgow will be run on the 8.40 p.m. Limited Mail from London Every Night.

A Sleeping-Saloon for Perth will be run on the 9 p.m. Train from London Every Night except Saturdays.

Other Alterations will be made; for particulars see Time-tables and Books of the Company.

Chief Traffic Manager's Office,
Euston Station, Sept. 1875.

G. FINDLAY.

HAMPTON AUTUMN RACES.—SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—On TUESDAY, OCT. 5, and WEDNESDAY, OCT. 6, SPECIAL TRAINS will run from

WATERLOO BRIDGE, VAUXHALL, and CLAPHAM JUNCTION, to HAMPTON COURT, commencing at 9.0 a.m., and returning from Hampton Court after the Races. Frequent Trains will leave Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, for Clapham Junction, in connection with the Special Trains, returning from Hampton Court after the Races.

Fares to Hampton Court and Back.

1st Class.	2nd or 3rd Class
Single Journey.....	Carriages.....
Return Tickets.....	2s. 6d. 1s. 6d. 3s. 6d. 2s. 6d.

The Ordinary Trains to Hampton Court will be suspended during the hours the Special Trains are running, and Special Fares will be charged up to and including the last Special preceding the 3.20 p.m. Ordinary Train from Waterloo Station.

On the Two Race Days the Cheap Excursion Tickets to Surbiton and Hampton Court, Twickenham, Teddington, Kingston, &c., for Excursion Carriages, will not be issued.

Trains leave Charing-cross and Cannon-street Stations about every Five Minutes for Waterloo Junction, in connection with the Special and Ordinary Trains from Waterloo to Hampton Court.

BRIGHTON GRAND AQUARIUM.—The Collection of FISHES and other Aquatic Animals in this magnificent Establishment is unequalled for variety, rarity, and the number and size of the specimens exhibited. Sterlet, mackerel, &c., can here, and nowhere else, be seen in captivity.

MR.
SOTHERN'S
PROVINCIAL TOUR.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, T. R.	Sept. 13 to " 25.
GLASGOW, T. R.	27 to Oct. 9.
BIRMINGHAM, T. R.	Oct. 11 to " 23.
LIVERPOOL, Alexandra Theatre	25 to Nov. 6.
MANCHESTER, Princess's Theatre	Nov. 8 to " 20.
DUBLIN, T. R.	22 to Dec. 4.
BELFAST, T. R.	Dec. 6 to " 18.

TO ARTISTES OUT OF TOWN.

WESTWARD HO!

The GREAT NASSAU BATH may be taken for Concerts, Singing, &c., Trapeze, or other purposes.

"Acoustic properties extraordinary."—Mrs. Scott Siddons.

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MARAVILLA COCOA. Entire solubility, a delicate aroma, and a rare concentration of the purest elements of nutrition, distinguishing the MARAVILLA COCOA above all others."—Globe.

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PEPPER'S QUININE and IRON TONIC, in a weak or disordered state of health, prostration of strength, nervous derangement, neuralgic affections, aches and pains of every kind, sluggish circulation, depressed spirits, imperfect digestion, &c. By the formation of new blood, and its vivifying effect on the nerve centres, it develops new health, strength, and energy quickly. An increased appetite is always an effect of Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic. Thirty-two doses are contained in the 4s. 6d. bottle; next size, 11s.; stone jars, 22s. Sold by all Chemists; any Chemist will procure it; or sent for stamps by J. Pepper, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London.

O P E R A - B O U F F E. Managers requiring Ladies or Gentlemen for Singing Business will find an extensive List of Artists at Mr. R. D'OYLEY CARTE'S Office. Mr. Carte is Agent for all the principal Theatres in London and the Provinces at which musical pieces are played.—OPERA AND CONCERT AGENCY, 20, Charing-cross.

THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. and Mrs. BOUCICAULT in the great Irish Drama SHAUGHRAUN, illustrated with beautiful scenery by William Beverly, at 7.45 every evening, preceded by the WHITE HAT. To conclude with A NABOB FOR AN HOUR. Prices from 6d. to £4 4s. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. PROMENADE CONCERTS, under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Conductor, Signor Ardit. Every Night, at 8, Madle. Heilbron (Soprano), Mdlle. Marie Orra (the Russian Contralto), Herr Wilhemj (the great Violinist) Soloists: Messrs. Howard, Reynolds, Burnett, Viotti, Collins, W. H. Hann, C. Ould, J. Howell, J. H. Young, Horton, Wotton, Harper, Harvey, Hughes, and Lazarus. Band of 100 Performers. Band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. Fred. Godfrey. Selection from Verdi's last opera, "Aida," first time of performance in this country. Promenade, 1s.; Dress Circle, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 3s.; Private Boxes, 10s. 6d. to £3 3s. Box-office open from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Hall.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING.

Enormous Success of "Our Boys." At 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, OUR BOYS, by Henry J. Byron; concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Charles Sugden, and David James; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Free List entirely suspended. Acting Manager, Mr. D. MCKAY.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE. CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—THIS EVENING, SATURDAY, OCT. 2, at 8 o'clock, MARRIAGE OF FIGARO; Monday, Oct. 4, "Trovatore"; Tuesday, Oct. 5, "Faust"; Wednesday, Oct. 6, "The Porter of Havre"; Thursday, Oct. 7, "Siege of Rochelle"; Friday, Oct. 8, "Bohemian Girl."

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Actual and only responsible Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Baldwin Buckstone. Every Evening, at 7.30 precisely, the Performances will commence with a New and Original Comedy by H. J. Byron, entitled MARRIED IN HASTE. Act 1, A Short Courtship; Scene—Mr. Grainger's New House. Act 2, The Little Old Gentleman; Scene—At a Lake Hotel. Act 3, The Storm Breaks; Scene—Augustus's Studio. Act 4, My Uncle; Scene—Bloomsbury Lodgings. New Scenery by Mr. O'Connor. Characters by Mr. Hermann Vezin, Messrs. C. Warner, Howe, Rogers, Braid, Osborne, Rivers, and Mr. Henry J. Byron; Miss Emily Thorne, Miss Harrison, and Miss Cadotia Addison. After which Planché's Comic Drama, in one Act, SPRING GARDENS, in which Mr. Buckstone will make his first appearance this season, as Scopœus (his original character), supported by Messrs. Conway, Weathersby, Gordon, &c.; Miss Minnie Walton and Miss Edith Challis. Stage Manager, Mr. Coe. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. No free list. Box-office open from 10 till 5. Acting Manager, Mr. C. WALTER.

THE TICKET-OFFICE MAN. EVERY EVENING, at 8, at the ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ALHAMBRA.—The GRAND THEATRE of LONDON.—Manager, Mr. J. A. CAVE.

SPECTRESHEIM, a superb Pot Pourri of all Modern Attractions. Music by M. Jacobi. Splendid Scenery by Calcott; Machinery by Sloman and Son. Placed on the stage by J. A. Cave, introducing William Rignold, Frank Hall, Harry Paulton, and Henry Walsham; Mesdames Katherine Munro, Marion West, Emma Chambers, the Majolitons, Kate, New Grand Ballet, CUPID IN ARCADIA—Mdlle. Pittier, with Millies, Sidonie, Sissomdi, and Pertoldi. Upwards of 100 Corps de Ballet and 200 Band and Chorus. Conducted by M. Jacobi. Farce, and Lauri's Comic Ballet. Commence at 7.15 p.m.—ALHAMBRA.

ROYAL GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. George Conquest.—Notice. Reappearance of Mr. William James, as Belphegor the Mountebank. Dancing on the Monster Platform. The Grounds Brilliantly Illuminated. On MONDAY, and every Evening during the week (Thursday excepted), to commence, at 7, with BELPHEGOR—Messrs. W. James, Sennett, Geo. Conquest, Gillett, Grant, Syms, &c.; Misses E. Miller, Victor, Denvil, &c. To conclude with THE SEVEN SINS—The Entire Company. On THURSDAY, Benefit of Mrs. Oliver—Messrs. Edroff and Dye, ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD, A NABOB FOR AN HOUR, WE ALL HAVE OUR LITTLE FAULTS. Incidents. Acting Manager, Mr. Alphonse Roques.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—EVERY EVENING (Wednesday excepted), at 6.45, New Romantic Drama, entitled TIME'S REVENGE—Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Bell, Reeve, Fox, Lewis, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Adams, Rayner, Newham. Miscellaneous Entertainment, every Evening, Harry Rogers, negro delineator; Sisters Mario, duettists; Brothers Honney, acrobats. To conclude with THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S GLORY—Messrs. Charlton, Reeve, Fox, Bell, Bigwood, Lewis, Pitt, Parry, Hyde; Mdlles. Bellair, J. Summers. Wednesday, Benefit of Messrs. Samuel and Alfred Crawford.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate. Proprietor and Manager, Messrs. John and Richard Douglass. The new decorations are the theme of admiration. On MONDAY, OCT. 4, and following Evenings, at 7.30, the Drama, in four acts, RANK AND FAME. Characters by Mesdames Ernestine, Stuart, &c.; Messrs. Beveridge, Hamilton, Redmond, Byrne, &c. Scenery by Mr. Richard Douglass. All the original effects. Conclude with a Comedietta. On SATURDAY, OCT. 9, the Adelphi Drama, by Andrew Halliday, Esq., NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. Original Adelphi artistes, in their original characters.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. will REOPEN for the Season on MONDAY, OCT. 4, with EYES AND NO EYES, by W. S. Gilbert, Music by German Reed; after which a MUSICAL SKETCH, by Mr. Corney Grattan, and A TALE OF OLD CHINA, by F. C. Burnand, Music by J. L. Molloy. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; every Thursday and Saturday, at 3.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place, Oxford-circus. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s. and 5s.

Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—ENGLAND'S HOME OF MYSTERY.—The most wonderful entertainment in the world. At 3 and 8 EVERY lawful DAY throughout the year. Admission. Fauteuils, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. Box-office open all day, where seats can be booked free of charge; also at all the agents, in the City and West-End. Manager, W. MORTON.

PSYCHO.—The Automaton Whist-Player holds Levees twice daily, and will always be happy to play a game at whist with any three ladies or gentlemen who may volunteer from the audience.

MASKELYNE and COOKE'S TIME TABLE. At 3 and 8 o'clock Plate Spinning Extraordinary by Mr. Maskelyne; at 3.30 and 8.30 Psycho's Conjuring and Whist Playing; at 4 and 9, Mr. Manton's Wonderful Performance on his Musical Novelty, the Crystal-phonicon; at 4.30 and 9.30, Séances in excess of the modern imposition called Spiritualism, introducing spirit voices, hands, forms, luminous musical instruments floating in the air, and the latest sensation of Mr. Maskelyne floating his own body about the hall.

BUTTIER, the most expert and perfect Prestidigitator the world over saw, will appear THIS DAY, and Twice Daily, in the EGYPTIAN HALL DRAWING-ROOM, at 3 and 8, throughout the whole year. Admission, 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s. Box-office open all day, and seats can also be secured at all the agents' in the City and at the West End.—W. Morton, Manager.

M D M E . TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION, Baker-street. PORTRAIT MODELS of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as M.W.G.M. of Freemasons of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, Emperor and Empress of Germany, King Alfonso XII., Victor Emmanuel, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Dr. Kenney, M.P. Costly Court Dresses. The complete line of British Monarchs, and 300 Portrait Models of Celebrities. Admission, One Shilling. Children under Twelve, Sixpence. Extra Room, Sixpence. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—OPEN DAILY (except Sunday), Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; Children always 6d. Amongst the most recent additions are a pair of the gigantic Tortoises of Aldabra Islands, in the Indian Ocean, and a Chimpanzee presented by Captain Lee.

S. HAYES' WEST-END BOX-OFFICE. Cramer & Co., 199, Regent-street, W.—PRIVATE BOXES, Stalls, and Front-row Dress Circle, at every theatre in London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

—Calendar for Week ending OCT. 9.

MONDAY, OCT. 4.—Exhibition of Firework-making by 100 of Messrs. Brock's Employees. Midget Hanlons.

TUESDAY, OCT. 5.—Comedy, STILL WATERS RUN DEEP—Mrs. Stirling; Mr. Charles Wyndham, Mr. E. Righton, Mr. C. Collette (by permission of S. Bancroft, Esq.), &c. Cat Show. Midget Hanlons.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 6.—Orchestral Concert. Midget Hanlons. Second Day of Cat Show.

THURSDAY, OCT. 7.—Comedy, MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING—Messrs. Henry Neville, E. F. Edgar, G. W. Anson (by permission of H. Neville, Esq.); Miss Fowler (by permission of H. Neville, Esq.); &c. Great Firework Display. Descent of Signor Gregorini. Midget Hanlons. Cat Show.

FRIDAY, OCT. 8.—Midget Hanlons.

SATURDAY, OCT. 9.—Second Winter Concert. Midget Hanlons.

Monday to Friday, One Shilling; Saturday, Half a Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

S T . J A M E S ' S H A L L, Piccadilly.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

Performing

EVERY EVENING, at 8;

and on

MONDAYS,

Circular Notes.

Did Mr. Frank Buckland ever assist at a spiritualistic séance? If he did not we seriously enjoin him to communicate at once with Mr. James Burns, who would be only too happy to introduce him, in the character of a serious investigator, to Mrs. Guppy-Volkman. As Mrs. Guppy she was partial to floating about in mid-air; as Mrs. Guppy-Volkman she is wont to amuse her friends by calling such spirits from the vasty deep as black cats, black-and-tan terrier puppies, and red-herrings. The describer of a recent séance at Mrs. G.-V.'s writes "soon after the circle was formed an announcement was made by raps that the spirits would on that occasion produce on the table beasts, birds, and fishes as a portion of the phenomena." Presently when the lights were extinguished "a black and tan terrier puppy was placed in the hands of Mrs. Fisher! Subsequently a live black cat was placed in the hands of Mrs. Fisher!" As for "the Count de Wimpffen and Signor Rondi, each found a living sparrow intrusted to him; and on lighting up there were, in addition, five other sparrows standing on the table, with feathers perfectly smooth and unruffled, and all arranged in peculiar attitudes, with their beaks facing Mrs. Guppy-Volkman—attitudes which indicated intelligent arrangement. The birds appeared to be in a kind of magnetic sleep. The promise of fish was fulfilled in committing to the care of Dr. Kennedy a red-herring, for which he had wished." Mr. Buckland's account of a séance of this description—including, of course, careful dissection of the red-herring—would be interesting.

Is Mr. Ruskin yet reconciled to his peculiar pets the working men of Great Britain? He told them two or three years since that he would not call them his friends any more. He was "sulky;" "not one" British workman had "sent him a friendly word of answer." He was no longer faithfully theirs. Mr. Ruskin is the spoilt child of literature. A specialist who obviously considers that, because he has reached great eminence in one line of his profession, wherein much that he utters is deserving of attention, he is therefore entitled to dogmatise on all that pertains to heaven above and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. It is a thousand pities that his real friends stand aloof while he pours his crude, ill-conditioned thoughts into that waste-basket *Fors Clavigera*. Or they might, at any rate, induce him to publish *Fors Clavigera* in a more convenient manner and at a more reasonable price. We are induced to make these remarks because there have recently occurred a number of events which he, having abjured art, might appropriately deal with. What does he think about the Railway Jubilee and the return to public life of Mrs. Prodgers, and the Whitechapel mutilation? These, with a treatise on Mr. Ward Hunt's new design for the flag that's braved a thousand years, would furnish material for a few pages of *Fors Clavigera* that we should be glad to read. Only Mr. Ruskin would have to publish *Fors Clavigera* elsewhere than in the heart of Surrey, and at a more reasonable price, if he wished to add us to his list of purchasers.

An infallible editor who not unfrequently lightens up the last page of his serial with anecdotes annexed, without acknowledgment, from the pages of this journal, has been dealing with a congenial subject—the millinery of mourning. He informs an anxious correspondent that "the proper colours for mourning with these persons (Ritualists) are white and violet;" but "if the deceased was a Christian, mourning is superfluous, and some colours indicative of innocence and hope would be better." Further, one reason why "the Western world now uses black at funerals is because it is cheap and lasting;" and "sensible ladies buy black silk dresses although dearer than coloured." In all solemnity we adjure our friend the editor to stick to millinery.

It was difficult for a visitor to the good old town of Darlington to imagine that the brilliant and unusual scene of Monday last had been rendered necessary by the enterprise of a Quaker. The music of military bands, the display of multitudes of banners, the illuminations and fireworks, and the professional toastmaster were enough to make the dust of Edward Pease stir again. On all hands it is admitted that the fêtes in connection with the jubilee were royally carried out. There was no stint in anything, and no hitch whatever. Whether Mr. MacKay is deserving of all the praise, or the committee, or both, we cannot say, all we know is the result was a perfect triumph of administration on the part of those to whom the task of making arrangements was allotted. The bills of the hotel-keepers might have been shorter—some of the visitors thought, and the cabmen who conveyed fares to the up-train on Tuesday less rapacious; but we forgive those Shylocks in consideration of the surprising success won by the rest of the performers in the great show.

Amongst the distinguished foreigners who assisted at the great banquet on Monday evening was M. Jacobi, Chairman of the Dutch-Rheinish Railway. He spoke in English, and very fair English too; but he floundered, nevertheless, and in a manner that ought to act as a warning to others. Everybody knows the meaning which we attach to the phrase "Dutch courage;" at all events everybody who was present at the banquet knew it—except poor M. Jacobi, who (we quote from the *Northern Echo*) spoke thus—"To English capital, energy, and industry Holland owed almost all that she possessed to-day, including her waterworks, gasworks, and railways. He concluded by intimating that, while his heart was warm to England, he hoped that Dutch courage"—"Roars of laughter" is a phrase that but feebly expresses the shouts of merriment which rang round the marquee on the enunciation of the energetic Dutchman's aspiration. He was not aware of it, of course; but he certainly made the great hit of the evening.

We have often wondered how it comes to pass that the fashionable novel of the hour so frequently sparkles with lively descriptions of the literary life of London, but we shall wonder no more. It is quite evident, from certain touches in a conspicuous scene that occurs in the recent three-voluminous effort of a distinguished authoress, that unsuspecting persons who help to swell those brilliant throngs that are known as "Evenings" or "At Homes" do so at their peril. They are invited to be studied—to be drawn out—and their eccentricities exhibited with a view to the next novel. This would be endurable if the fair artists who in this adroit manner obtain gratuitous sittings from their unsuspecting models decently disguised their handiwork; but they don't. Nay, they scarcely descend to disguise the models' names. A letter is altered here and there, and the peculiarities of a feature or a voice intensified on the side of caricature, but for the rest the portrait is recognisable by the friends of the sitter, who enjoy the joke, or worse, until they are called upon to do duty for the diversion of their friends, and the former victim joins the crowd of deriders. Of the worthlessness of the work, in point of art, it is unnecessary to say a word. The question for frequenters of a certain class of "At Homes" to solve is whether it is worth while adding their quota of enjoyment to the evening when such a fate as that which we have indicated may any day be theirs. We leave it to them.

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the humour of Mr. Spurgeon, no one ever denied him the possession of an unusual share of common sense. The shrewdness of his sermons is only equalled by his power of solicitation. As a collector he is unequalled. Speaking the other day at Kettering he said:—"He had some of the best people in England, and some of the worst (Laughter). Mr. Toller had been fortunate in not having had the worst. He had asked Mr. Toller about their liberality, and he had learned that he had nothing to complain of on that score. He looked upon the collection as a most important part of the service of the Church. If religion did not affect a man's pocket there was not much in it. The man who said he loved God and did not give to His cause was no good whatever. He was a hypocrite. He had early begun to milk his congregation as the farmer milked his cow, and he found after a while they could not do without it." Eels are said to be fond of skinning. The congregation at the Tabernacle like to be milked. Be it so. So long as Mr. Spurgeon's milking produces such institutions as the Stockwell Orphanage we can only look on and approve.

Hood's coachman was too broad to be conceived by any narrow mind. The proper breadth of a Lord Mayor has yet to be prescribed; but it is some comfort to know that Mr. Alderman Cotton, who is to succeed Mr. Alderman Stone, is "one of the most urbane and best-looking men in the city."

We learn that the new staff of the *Echo* is now complete. The editor is Mr. J. Barnett Smith, the well-known journalist and Edinburgh reviewer; and the sub-editor Mr. Bennett, late of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Evelyn Jerrold (grandson of the celebrated wit) is to be retained as a writer upon society and fashion; Mr. Van Dam is to have charge of the foreign politics; whilst Mr. Richard Mansell, whose intimate acquaintance with the stage both in France and England peculiarly qualifies him for the post, is to be the dramatic critic.

THE WYCOMBE COACH.—That deservedly popular "whip," Mr. John Eden, commenced running this coach for the season on Monday, May 3, leaving the Green Man and Still, 122, Oxford-street, every morning at eleven o'clock, and passing through the most picturesque part of Middlesex and Bucks, returning from the Red Lion Hotel, Wycombe, every afternoon at four o'clock. We understand that the spirited proprietor will shortly wind up a prosperous season, and we suppose that, as hitherto, the famous "trotters" composing the team will all be brought to the hammer. They are most of them rare goers, and many of them are first-class hunters.

The Earl of Rosebery will on St. Andrew's Day (Nov. 30) preside at the 211th anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation, the most ancient and most popular of all the Scottish institutions in London.

SYLVANUS.—This horse, after landing the County Welter Handicap at Stafford, on Wednesday—his second win at that meeting—was bought by Mr. H. Hobson for 195gs.

BLANCHETTE.—Mr. H. Baltazzi bought Blanchette of Count Lagrange for 350gs, after she had won the Selling Sweepstakes over the T.Y.C. on Wednesday. Mr. Crook claimed the Loveless colt, who ran second.

EMMELINE.—This four-year-old was bought at auction for 91gs on winning the Selling Handicap Plate at Stafford, and later in the day she won for her new owner the Gnosal Selling Plate.

MONSTER BET.—Just before the conclusion of the racing at Newmarket on Wednesday, Mr. Baltazzi took the big bet of 10,000 to 300 about Ceruleus for the Cambridgeshire. It is evident from this that the 10lb penalty for winning the Great Eastern Handicap holds out no terrors to the owner of the horse.

ALLEGED ASSAULT UPON A TRAINER AT RICHMOND.—A few days ago a singular affray occurred at Richmond, in which Mr. Bumby, well known as a trainer at that place, appears to have been the victim. We are informed that two gentlemen from the neighbourhood of Northallerton, who are joint owners of a two-year-old trained by Bumby, called at the trainer's house in company with a friend, whom they introduced as a gentleman from America who was desirous of purchasing the young thoroughbred. They were conducted accordingly to Bumby's stables, where it would seem that they attempted to take the animal out of the trainer's possession against his will. Mr. Bumby was thrown to the ground, and is stated to have been ill-used. However, in the struggle the bridle of the two-year-old was broken, and the horse got away. Bumby then borrowed a pony from Cottcher (George Oates's jockey), set out in pursuit of the runaway nag, and, after another scrimmage, captured it at Easby. Mr. Bumby states that he will take proceedings against the parties who assaulted him.—*Newcastle Chronicle*.

AFTER AN EXPERIENCE OF OVER FORTY YEARS. It has been established that there are few instances of defects of the Hair which cannot be arrested, neutralised, or remedied by the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, and the favourable effect be seen at once; and though the Hair may have become Grey, Thin, or Faded, it may be Renewed and Restored to all the glossiness of which it is susceptible.—Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Dépot, 114 and 116, Southampton-row, London.—[Advt.]

WALRUS-HUNTING.

The lovers of sport among our Arctic explorers will in all likelihood, before their cruise is ended, have many opportunities of enjoying a style of hunting unknown to those who have never penetrated into the frozen regions. We allude to the chase of the walrus, sometimes called the mose or sea-cow, though a better name would be the sea-elephant, as his massive bulk, thick hide, and huge tusks make him resemble that animal more than any other. They are met with in large herds, basking in the sun on the surface of the ice, and generally close to its edge. They are attacked in whale-boats, which are "carver built"—that is to say, perfectly smooth on the bilge, so as not to make a noise in the water in approaching them. The rowlocks have "grommets" and cushions, or "weises," well greased, with the same object of muffling the sound. In the bow there is a harpoon-gun slung in a swivel, and to the harpoon, which is fired from it, is attached the whale-line, coiled to the extent of one hundred fathoms in the bottom of the boat. When the boat gets within range, this harpoon, with its seven-inch barb is fired into the monster. He immediately "whammies into the water like a young whal," as it was expressively described by a north-country harpooner, and takes the boat in tow, a few turns of the line being taken round the "line billet," in order to check him. He frequently turns to attack, but is easily made to turn tail again by a "prod" in the eye from a fourteen-foot whale lance. Rifle bullets are sometimes fired at his head, but I have never known an instance of their having penetrated the skull, though I have seen several flattened on its surface. Another boat has, perhaps, by this time come up, and fires another harpoon into him, and, should a vital part be reached, he is quickly dispatched. But his strength is so great that I have seen a large specimen tow a boat, with its crew of eight men and half a ton of whaleline, right up on to a piece of ice and into the water at its other side. When he is killed, the next difficulty is to get him hauled on to the ice for the purpose of "fleensing." This is done with a "parbuckle," and it takes two boats' crews "all their time" to do it. The skin and blubber beneath it are then cut off, towed to the ship, and hoisted on deck by the aid of the capstan.

The skin of a large one, when laid on the deck, measured 14ft in length by 13ft in breadth. This length, when 20in are added for the hind flippers or tail fin and 10in for the top of the head, would give 16ft for the full length. The largest tusk I have measured was 25in to its insertion into the jaw, and 10in in girth, but they are often larger.

Those who grow tired of the sports of these islands, and want something novel and exciting, cannot do better than take a well-strengthened yacht and a whaling crew and proceed to Spitzbergen or Davis Strait during June and July, to shoot the walrus. The sport would be enlivened by occasionally falling in with a pack of seals or a stray polar bear, while the countless myriads of Arctic birds, many of which are luscious enough for Apicius himself, would find plenty of practice for the gun. One finds oneself, as it were, in a new planet, the whole aspect of nature being totally different from our southern latitudes. The weather during the months we have named is nearly always delightful, the sea calm as glass, and the air just kept sufficiently cool by its passage over the icefields.

Races Past.

NEWMARKET.—TUESDAY, SEPT. 28.		
The GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY HANDICAP, a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, with 200 added; winners extra; the second received 25 sovs out of the stakes. Brethy Stakes Course (6 furlongs). 20 subs.		
Mr. A. Baltazzi's br c Ceruleus, by Beadsman—Bas Bleu, 3 yrs,	6st 2lb.....	Dodge 1
Mr. T. Jennings's b f Slumber, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb	T. Cannon 2	
Lord Falmouth's br f Cataclysm, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	C. Arthur 3	
Count F. de Lagrange's Blenheim, aged, 9st 12lb	Fordham 0	
Mr. J. Trentham's Gunner, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb	Glover 0	
Sir A. de Rothschild's Pedometer, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	Huxtable 0	
Mr. Jos. Dawson's Castle Wellan, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb	Wood 0	
Count F. de Lagrange's Frondeur, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb	Morley 0	
Mr. F. Swindell's g, by Wamba—Truth, 5 yrs, 7st (ear 7st 1lb)	Rossiter 0	
Prince Soltykoff's Duke of Parma, 3 yrs, 7st	F. Archer 0	
Mr. T. Bingham's Fairy King, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	F. Jeffery 0	
Mr. H. Jenkin's Killercrankie, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	Wainwright 0	
Prince Bathyan's Cambyses, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb	Luke 0	
Lord Bradford's Glendinning, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb	H. Wyatt 0	
Mr. R. Howett's Merry Bells, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	Spooner 0	
Count Lagrange declared to win with Blenheim.		
BETTING AT THE START.		
11 to 2 agst Blenheim.	100 to 7 agst Glendinning.	
11 to 2 Pedometer.	100 to 6 —Slumber.	
8 to 1 —Castle Wellan.	20 to 1 —Truth gelding.	
8 to 1 —Cambyses.	20 to 1 —Duke of Parma.	
10 to 1 —Ceruleus.	20 to 1 —Fairy King.	
100 to 8 —Cataclysm.	20 to 1 —Killercrankie.	
100 to 8 —Gunner.	25 to 1 —Merry Bells.	
100 to 7 —Frondeur.		
THE RACE.		
After a slight delay at the post, the lot were dispatched on equitable terms, but they had only gone about fifty yards when Ceruleus assumed a clear lead of Castle Wellan in the centre of the course, and Cataclysm and Truth gelding wide on the left, the two last named being followed by Slumber and Glendinning. In this order they ran to the bushes, when Cataclysm ran into second place, Slumber coming on third, with Blenheim lying next until half-way down the hill, when Slumber made her effort, but could never reach Ceruleus, who won in the commonest of canters by half dozen lengths; half a length divided second and third. Glendinning was fourth, Blenheim fifth, Fairy King sixth, Gunner seventh, and Castle Wellan eighth, Truth gelding and Duke of Parma next, the rest pulling up with Frondeur, Merry Bells, Cambyses, and Pedometer in the rear, the latter being beaten off. Value of the stakes, £450.		

THE CAPTAIN WEBB TESTIMONIAL.—At Newmarket yesterday the following subscriptions were received by us on behalf of this testimonial:—Lord Kesteven, £5; J. B. Pope, Esq., £3; Greenfield, Esq., £3.

LEMONS AND THE OCTOBER HANDICAP.—At Newmarket Mr. Gomm took six fifties and 600 to 100 about his horse Lemnos for the October Handicap.

BROWN SARAH.—After her victory in the Ladies' Selling Stakes at Stafford this filly was sold to Mr. D. Lawrence for 120gs.

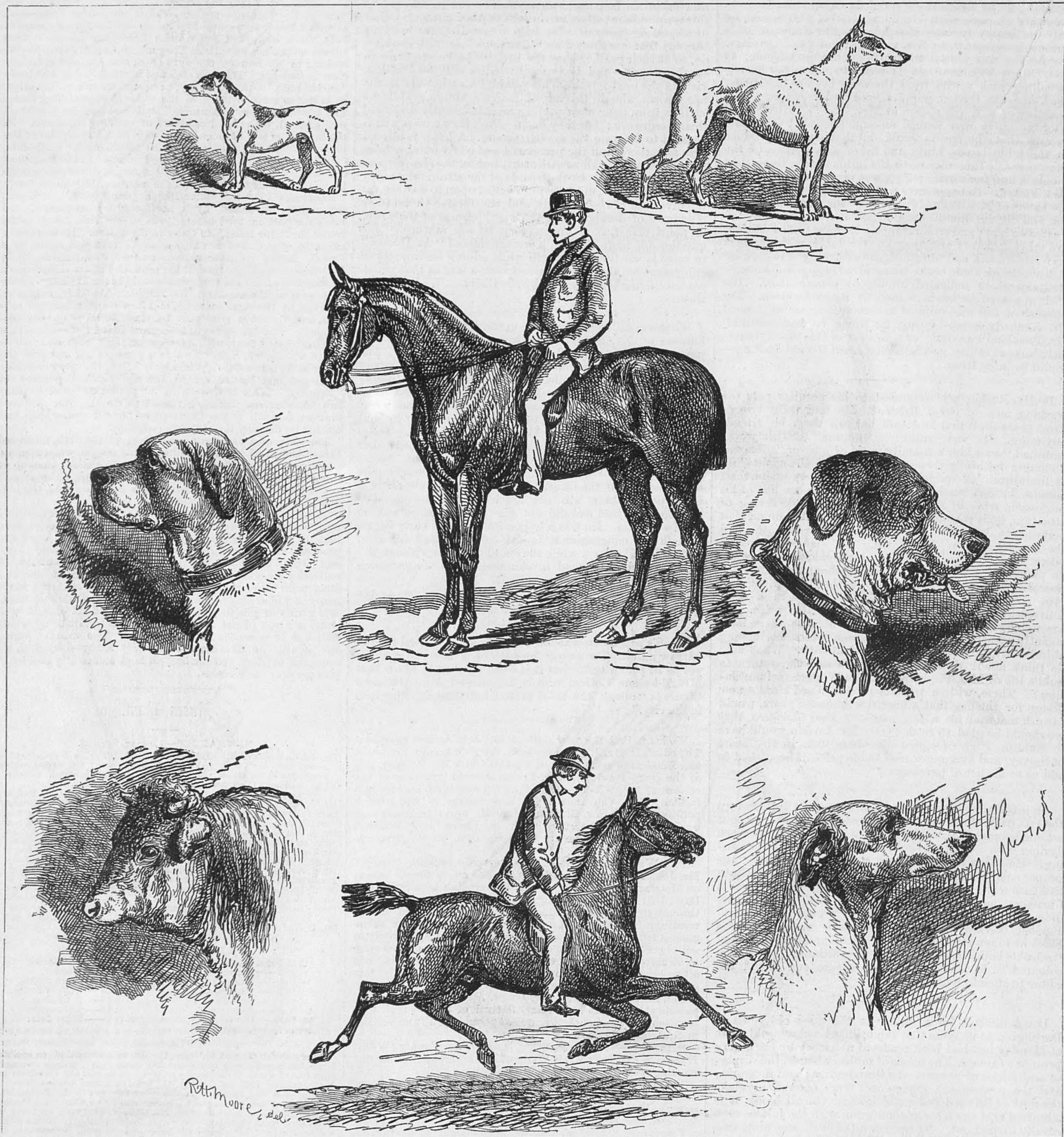
THE LANARK OBJECTION.—The objection against the first two horses in the Jerviswoode Cup, lodged by the owner of Anacreon, who ran third, has been withdrawn.

ARRIVALS OF SALMON IN LONDON, 1875.—The arrivals of salmon in London for this year show a deficiency of 10,155 boxes as compared with last year—the numbers being for 1874 41,705 boxes, and for 1875 31,550 boxes. The falling off from Scotland alone is 11,004 boxes.

The Richmond *Whig* says that deer are numerous in Virginia, and have greatly multiplied since the war, especially in the lowland region. On the peninsula they are very numerous, and over in Chester and Amelia and other southside counties there are scores now where there was one before the war.

The colt by Man at Arms out of Fusee (3 yrs), and Doubt (2 yrs) have been added to the list of geldings.

SUZETTE.—Who won the Sweepstakes of 10 sovs, Brethy Stakes Course, on Wednesday, was bought by Mr. Gerrard for 450gs.



FIRST PRIZE BITCH FOX TERRIER.

REV. MR. MELLOR'S "TURK."

FIRST PRIZE SHORTHORN BULL, TWO YEARS OLD.—MR. WHALLEY.

FIRST PRIZE HEAVY WEIGHT HUNTER, MR. ARMSTRONG'S "BANKER."

FIRST PRIZE PONY, MR. ROGERSON'S "GAMECOCK."

FIRST PRIZE BULL TERRIER "YOUNG VICTOR."

SMOOTHCOATED ST. BERNARD DOG.

FIRST PRIZE BITCH GREYHOUND "BIT OF FUN."

FARNWORTH AGRICULTURAL HORSE AND DOG SHOW.

FARNWORTH AGRICULTURAL HORSE AND DOG SHOW.

THIS show, which took place on the 16th ult., at Farnworth, near Warrington, was extremely successful, being favoured with brilliant weather and a numerous attendance of visitors. There was an unusually good show of horses, ponies, and dogs. The arrangements were excellent, and the judging gave satisfaction. As our space is limited, we only propose to deal with a few of the classes. In the horses, the best classes were the hunters and the turn-outs. Mr. Armstrong's grand bay Bunker had an easy win in the heavy-weight class-hunters. He is good all round, and too well known to need a detailed description. The same gentleman was successful in the light-weights with Sunbeam, also a well-known winner; and the clever manner in which she took the hurdles fully deserved the round of applause it received.

Mr. Statter was first in the turn-out class with a chestnut mare, Speculation, and a neat dog-cart. Speculation is one of the most beautiful goers ever seen, with high knee action and a long stride as well. Mr. Rogerson's Gamecock added another to his list of winnings. He is a coky light bay pony, with good action and clean strong legs.

In the cattle we particularly noticed a young shorthorn bull, belonging to Mr. Whalley, that bids fair to make a good one.

The dog department was excellent. The bull-terrier class was reported by the judges to be one of the strongest they had ever seen. Of course Mr. Godfree's champion, "Young Victor," took the first prize. He is well known as the patched dog, and is the grandest headed bull-terrier living. The fox-terriers were a good class. The first-prize dog was a nice one, but the second and third did not deserve honours. "Spink" took first in the bitches, but she was objected to as being in the open class instead of the champion. The first prize, therefore, went to a nice hound, marked nameless, bitch, on good legs and feet, hailing, we believe, from Bolton. Mr. Sharples won easily in greyhound bitches (a good class) with "Bit of Fun," a beautiful bitch, too well known to need description. He also took first in the dog class with "Lauderdale." The Rev. J. W. Mellor was awarded first in mastiff dogs with "Old Turk," who was not improved by the marks of two cancers. "Monastery," a very light-loined dog, and in poor condition generally, was the winner in the St. Bernards.

Some of the principal prize winners in each class our artist has sketched above.

GALLOPING.—A moderate company assembled at the Queen's Grounds, Sheffield, on Monday last, to witness a galloping-match once round the course, distance one mile and a quarter, for £25 a side, between Mr. Broomhead's brown mare Polly, of Sheffield, and Mr. Curtis's brown mare Gipsy Girl, of

Ailcoates. The weather was boisterous, a high wind being accompanied by heavy showers; and the ground, which lays very high, was exposed to the full force of the blast. Betting opened at evens, Polly for choice. On reaching the post Gipsy Girl broke away and went about a quarter of a mile before she could be pulled up. Eventually Mr. J. Haigh sent them away to an even start. The non-favourite at once acted as pioneer, and went away with the lead for about a quarter of a mile. Polly now drew up, and, when fairly in the straight for home, came away and won easily by twenty lengths. Mr. George Mower, a well-known sporting character, officiated as judge.

BLOOD STOCK IMPORTATIONS TO AMERICA.—Mr. J. A. Perry, of Willmington, Illinois, has landed at New York the following thoroughbreds purchased by him in England:—Formoselle, b m, 5 yrs, by Costa out of Lady Doura, by Arthur Wellesley; Tapioca, ch m, 4 yrs, by Macaroni out of Glengowrie, by Touchstone; Maud Lyon, ch f, 2 yrs, by Lord Lyon out of Maud, by Loup Garou; Butter Cup, dark chestnut yearling filly, by Wild Moor out of Spring Blossom, by Touchstone; and Bread Fruit, br m, 5 yrs, by Breadalbane out of Hawthorn Bloom, by Kettledrum. Mr. Perry designs breeding these fillies to one of the choicest thoroughbred stallions in America. Mr. Perry is well known in Illinois as the importer and owner of the celebrated Percheron stallion Duke de Chartres, who won the first premium and sweepstakes at three successive State fairs in that state.

Our Captions Critic.

THE success of Irish drama at Drury Lane doubtless inspiring the Lyceum management with an idea that the Scottish drama would prove equally remunerative, "Macbeth" was announced for production at the last-named theatre. The mechanical arrangements of the scenic effects were rumoured to be of such unheard-of grandeur and elaborateness that, at the last moment, the production was unavoidably postponed for a week beyond the date originally announced for it. The leading character was to be sustained by a young actor who had attained the unprecedented notoriety of having played Hamlet for over two hundred consecutive nights. His name had been blazed abroad over the world as the latest great Shakspearian actor, and unfortunately he was forced to sustain this reputation or fail in the attempt. That he has been obliged to have recourse to the latter alternative need not, in a great measure, disconcert him. For he can remember that it was not by any means in Shakspearian drama that he first acquired his hold upon the popular enthusiasm. It was his great success in the comedy part of Digby Grant, Esq., in James Albery's *Two Roses*—a character which Henry Irving played for quite as many nights as he played Hamlet—that induced the late astute Mr. Bateman to engage him as the chief of his Lyceum team. It was evident, from the initial programme, that character and eccentric comedy parts were

looked upon as Mr. Irving's especial forte. The "Pickwick Papers" were resorted to for the character of Jingle; *Raising the Wind* for the part of Jeremy Diddler. In the part of Digby Grant, Irving displayed very high qualities as an actor. He showed a genuine appreciation of comedy and a force of conception that impressed everyone who saw him in the part. He also gave glimpses of something different from comedy—namely, a power of expressing intense passion. When, therefore, he made his most profound impression in a sombre melodramatic part like Matthias, in *The Bells*, though for the most part people were surprised, yet the more critical of observers were not unprepared for the exhibition of such qualities as he displayed in that piece. But none of them had any inclination to rank him among legitimate tragedians. Immediately after this his assumption of the rôle of Charles I., in Mr. Wills's play of that name, made it evident that he could, upon occasion, be a master of pathos. His triumph over physical disabilities and his elocution of blank verse in both this piece and in the lugubrious Eugene Aram, as well as in Richelieu, encouraged the public to look upon him as the rising star of tragedy, and emboldened the manager of the Lyceum to produce *Hamlet*, the extraordinary success of which, though quite as much owing to the general excellence of the company as to the individual exertions of Mr. Irving, was the means of placing him upon a pedestal, in the popular view, among the loftiest of histrionic heroes. It is unnecessary now to descant upon the merits and failings of his Hamlet. It was discussed far and wide as an unprecedented triumph; and the one or two critics



Mr. Digby Grant as Macbeth
(a barbaric study)

who were peculiar enough to express decided dissatisfaction with the performance were looked upon as mere prejudiced grumblers of an effete school. The great majority hailed the event as one worthy to mark an important epoch in the history of the British Theatre. Nevertheless, the character of Hamlet contained so much that was suited to Mr. Irving's idiosyncrasies—so much by which he could effectually put out of prominence his physical disadvantages and his marked mannerism—that equal success for him in so different a character as Macbeth appeared too problematical for even the most admiring of critics to confidently expect or predict. The general public, however—of whose fickle idolatry Mr. Irving had become the god—were evidently firm in their faith; and the immense audience which assembled at the Lyceum on Saturday was as fervent and as flattering in its demonstrations of delight as any audience could be. In short, the absurdity of a first-night's enthusiasm was never more exemplified. Gods and men seemed satisfied.

Macbeth, however, it must be confessed, in his own words, was "a sorry sight." Although passable in appearance, excellent and unconventional in costume, it speedily became evident that the noble Thane was no more than a mediæval Matthias. Every reader of Shakspeare forms a vivid conception in his own mind of Macbeth. But no intelligent person could confound him with the commonplace murderer of melodrama. Making all due allowance for the nervousness which must have attended the actor in his assumption of a character so unsuited to his abilities, it was patent from the first that Mr. Irving had failed to grasp the character, and

throughout his performance conveyed a sense of futile effort so painful as almost to draw from one involuntarily the exclamation, "Hold!—enough!" The character of Macbeth, as Shakspeare has drawn it for us, is that of a bold, ambitious, yet superstitious man. Hamlet, though a weak, irresolute, and vacillating character, is yet a philosopher and a student, accustomed to speculate curiously upon things metaphysical; and, though profoundly impressed with the veritable identity of one ghost, would have laughed at such paltry and semi-human essences as the witches who influence the destinies of Macbeth. Macbeth is a warrior, "bloody, bold, and resolute." And Shakspeare has taught us that these characters the higher they attain the more superstitious they become. Instance *Julius Caesar*, upon which play the history of Napoleon I. affords a frequent commentary. Mr. Irving altogether fails to realise the character of the full-blooded warrior flushed with conquest and inflated with a brooding ambition, ready to lend an eager ear to any voice, human or superhuman, that will echo the prompting of his unspoken ambition and encourage him to force his path through deeds of guilt to place and power. Never does Shakspeare represent him as other than courageous. But Mr. Irving presents us with a gloomy and melodramatic murderer, who in the end displays more of the look of a hunted thief than of a baffled King. In the dagger-scene he is unimpressive. In the scenes immediately succeeding the murder and in the banquet—although occasionally exhibiting that intelligence and subtle perception of artistic effect which have always characterised him—the tension upon his faculties



General impression of
Macduff's performance.

seems too great for him to sustain, and frequently his straining after passion has a dash of grotesqueness painful to witness. It is in comparatively trifling incidents—such as, for example, his interview aside with the murderers—that he is



Banquo's ghost.

Macbeth. "Which of you has done this? o!

at his best. It was only occasionally, when he relaxed the intensity of his effort and relapsed into a subdued and natural style, that one caught any impression of the dignity that is proper to tragic acting. In the actual combat with Macduff



One of the Witches—
He does she not come—
It under the supervision
of the good Chamberlain.

there is a wild and despairing energy which makes up something for his previous feebleness; but his death scene is tinged with a melodramatic idea of contortion that is beneath tragedy. What his performance lacks as a whole is breadth. And the final impression it leaves is of wasted energy and fruitless effort.

In remembrance of her highly picturesque and impressive performance of Medea it was not unreasonable to suppose that Miss Bateman would make a more than usually good Lady Macbeth. The character, however, has proved too much for her powers, also. She appears baffled by its complexity. She is successful in certain points, as, for instance, when passion is expressed by rigidity. But, for the most part, the monotony of her delivery and the heaviness of her style rendered the general effect of her performance unsatisfactory.

As Macduff Mr. Swinburne, in voice and style, is an exact contrast to Mr. Irving; and his performance gains by the contrast. It possesses all the robustness that is so wofully wanting in the Macbeth, and, though conventional in conception, is a very vigorous and spirited performance. The Banquo of Mr. Forrester is careful, even, and satisfactory. The great success of the revival is, however, in the scene where the witches appear. These weird illusions I do not ever remember to have seen so impressively rendered as they are by Mr. Mead, Mr. Archer, and Mrs. Huntley. If nothing else is, these "secret, black, and midnight hags" are worth going to see. They come to view in a manner so vividly picturesque as to impress the supernatural elements of the story strongly upon the mind of the spectator, and are, therefore, well worthy of praiseful record. The other characters are very decently acted, the Malcolm of Mr. Brooke and the Duncan of Mr. Huntley being good.

How long *Macbeth* will run, I know not. But the fatuity of such a selection of character for such an actor as Mr. Irving is to be deplored. One can fancy him in Iago, or even Shylock; but Macbeth—no. The mechanical effects in *Macbeth* that there was so much noise about are nothing extraordinary; but the scenery, especially the "blasted heath," calls for commendation.

The Drama.

THE great event of the week, and which has been looked forward to with exceptional interest, intensified by its unavoidable postponement from the previous Saturday, was the second Shakespearean revival at the Lyceum on Saturday last, when *Macbeth* was produced, with Mr. Henry Irving in his second Shakespearean character, and Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) as Lady Macbeth. For hours before the opening the doors were surrounded by expectant and patient crowds, which we could only compare to similar masses who besieged the doors of Drury Lane on the occasion of the first state visit to that theatre by her Majesty and the late Prince Consort shortly after their marriage; and when the curtain rose for the tragedy the house was crammed from the very footlights (the orchestra being converted into stalls) to the ceiling. The play as represented was, with some few omissions and transpositions of scenes, Shakespeare's pure and simple, the music and revels of the singing witches being altogether excluded. The scenery, dresses, and general mounting were admirable; and, if enthusiastic applause of a first-night audience be a test, the revival, as a whole, must be pronounced a success. As regards the subject of chief interest, Mr. Irving's impersonation of Macbeth, the critics, while unanimously according praise for the intelligence, thoughtful study, and finished art with which he carries out his conception of the character, are almost equally unanimous in pronouncing the assumption unsatisfactory, erroneous in conception, and in many points feeble in execution.

AT THE MIRROR, *Across the Continent* and *The Dogs of St. Bernard* were withdrawn on Saturday night, and an entire change in the bill was made on Monday, when the long-promised drama, *Self*, by Messrs. John Oxenford and Horace Wigan, and a new burlesque on Auber's opera, by Mr. Reece, entitled *The Half-Crown Diamonds*, were produced for the first time. A new comedietta, by Mr. J. Madison Morton, under the title of *Change Partners*, had originally been announced as the *lever de rideau*; but, two novelties on the same evening being deemed sufficient, the third novelty was postponed, and the farce of *A Conjugal Lesson* given instead. The new drama, *Self*, evidently adapted from the French, and in which Mr. John Clayton, Miss Rose Coghlan, and Miss Caroline Hill, now added to Mr. Wigan's company, have parts, met with anything but a favourable reception, and was only saved from absolute condemnation on the first night by the intensely powerful and dramatic acting of Miss Rose Coghlan as the heroine, Florence Talbot. Probably, when the diffuse dialogue is cut down and the constant lowering of the gas to leave the stage in almost utter darkness—intended, doubtless, to give more effect to the serious incidents then taking place, but which caused them to be received with shouts of laughter—is abandoned, the piece may be rendered more acceptable. Mr. Reece's burlesque, brightly put on the stage, is brisk, animated, and amusing from its numerous puns—far-fetched though they are—and its smart allusions to current topics. Mr. J. H. Standing's imitations of leading actors are clever, but they have already done service in a previous burlesque at the Olympic.

AT THE STRAND, during the temporary absence, through domestic affliction, of Miss Angelina Claude, her part of Allserina, in *Flamingo*, was sustained by Miss Maria Jones with exceeding grace, refined humour, and piquancy. The new *folie musicale*, now that the company have settled down into their usual compactness of ensemble, is another great success. Mr. Terry has worked up the grotesquerie of Rumbo the Renowned most wonderfully; and his song depicting his condition as a sort of "mental omnibus," from arithmetical difficulties, is irresistibly droll. Equally clever and diverting were the burlesque acting and artistic singing of M. Marius, as Flamingo; while Miss Lottie Venne represents the romantic Signora Normando Peppina with charming vivacity and a refinement of style both in acting and singing deserving of unqualified praise. The piece, as usual at this house, is admirably put on the stage. Especial praise must be bestowed upon the novel quaintness of some, and the taste of the remainder, of the characteristic costumes by M. and Madame Alias.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Fowler requiring some rest from their lengthened exertions, their parts of Bob Brierley and May Edwards in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* have been sustained, since Monday last, by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Price.

The Two Orphans, after a successful career of eight weeks at the Royal Standard, has been withdrawn, and on Saturday evening was replaced by a revival of the stirring drama *Rank and Fame*, with Miss Ernestine in the principal character.

AT THE OPERA COMIQUE *The Grand Duchess* was represented in its entirety for the last time yesterday evening, for Mdlle. D'Anka's first benefit, and Mr. Charles Morton's season of opéra-bouffe here terminates with his benefit to-night, when Mdlle. D'Anka will appear in one act of *The Grand Duchess*, and as Mdlle. Lange in *La Fille de Madame Angot*, Miss Patty Laverne lending her aid as Clairette.

AT THE GAIETY Mr. Charles Mathews, as Adonis Evergreen in *My Awful Dad*, continues to draw crowded houses. In our notice of this piece we inadvertently omitted to call attention to the admirable rendering of the impulsive and fire-eating Russian Prince Kotchekoff by Mr. De Belleville. The part is a mere sketch; but, from the characteristic acting of Mr. De Belleville, it becomes prominent, and, after Adonis Evergreen, is decidedly the best represented character in the piece.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The new series of standard comedies, under the direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham, commenced on Tuesday last, when G. W. Lovell's five-act play *The Wife's Secret*, a piece long associated with the names of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, was represented, with Messrs. Hermann Vezin, G. W. Anson, Maclean, Marius; and Misses E. Farren, Maggie Brennan, and Carlotta Leclercq in the principal characters. Boucicault's comedy, *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, was selected for Thursday; and next Tuesday Mr. Charles Wyndham will make his first appearance here this season as John Mildmay in *Still Waters Run Deep*, Mrs. Stirling sustaining the part of Mrs. Sternhold. The first of the Saturday concerts takes place this afternoon, when Mdlle. Christina and Mr. Edward Lloyd will be the solo vocalists and Herr Wilhelmj, violinist.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Saturday *Faust*, unavoidably postponed from the previous Tuesday, was given here by the Carl Rosa Company from Covent Garden; and in continuation of the series of operatic performances Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, with the additional music written for Paris and given for the first time in England, on Saturday last, at Covent Garden, was represented by the same company on Thursday. *Fra Diavolo* is announced for this afternoon. A multitudinous and varied programme of entertainments was provided for the Great Foresters' Fête on Monday last, when about 20,000 visitors attended the Muswell-hill palace.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Mr. J. S. Clarke, whose latest performances here have been in *Among the Breakers*, *Fox and Goose*, and *Red Tape*, terminated his engagement last night; and this evening Mr. Byron's new comedy, *Married in Haste*, will be produced, in which the principal characters will be supported by Mr. Hermann-Vezin, Mr. Charles Warner, the author himself, and Miss Carlotta Addison. This will be followed by a revival of Planché's comic drama *Spring Gardens*, in which Mr. Buckstone will make his first appearance this season in his original character of Scoreup.

THE PHILHARMONIC, where Mr. Frederick Maccabe terminated his brief but very successful season of *Begone, Dull Care*, on Saturday last, reopens to-night, under the management of Mr. Richard Temple, for opéra-bouffe. The opening programme will comprise, besides the farce of *Two to One*, Offenbach's *opéra-bouffe Les Georgiennes*, for the first time in this country, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan's musical absurdity *The Zoo*. Mdlle. Rose Bell will be principal vocalist.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Mrs. Rousby will make her first appearance in England, since her return from America and since her severe illness, in her original character of Lady Elizabeth in Tom Taylor's historical drama *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, which will be performed here this evening for the benefit of Mr. Morris Jacobs, the courteous assistant manager of this theatre.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT reopens at St. George's Hall, next Monday, with Mr. W. S. Gilbert's last successful production, *Eyes and No Eyes*; *A Musical Sketch*, by Mr. Corney Grain; and Mr. Burnand's amusing *Tale of Old China*—supported by Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. Bishop, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Several novelties are announced as in preparation.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, attended by Captain Monson and Lady Mary Butler, honoured the performance of *The Shaughraun*, at Drury-Lane Theatre, with their presence on Monday evening.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke of Connaught and suite honoured this theatre with their presence on Tuesday evening.

MDLLE. TITIENS arrived safely at New York, on Saturday morning, per White Star steamer Adriatic, after a short voyage of seven days twenty-three hours.

A MORNING performance of *The Shaughraun*, at Drury-Lane, will take place on Wednesday week, the 13th inst.

MR. CHARLES WARNER joins the Haymarket company to-night, and will be replaced at the Vaudeville by Mr. Charles Sugden, who will now sustain Mr. Warner's part of Charles Middlewick in *Our Boys*.

THE ROYAL PARK THEATRE.—The elegant theatre hitherto known as the Alexandra, Park-street, Gloucester-gate, Regent's Park, is now undergoing the process of entire redecoration, and will reopen on Oct. 16 under the above title. The managers will be Messrs. Parravicini and Corbyn, the well-known theatrical agents; and the initiatory programme will consist of Offenbach's *Genervière de Brabant*, with Miss Emily Soldene, supported by many members of the original cast, pending the production of a new *opéra comique* which has already met with immense success in Paris and Brussels.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, in sending round the renewals of licenses to the theatres, has accompanied each with a copy of a circular, addressed to the managers, suggesting that in future no chairs shall be placed in the gangways of the house. He calls attention to the fact, which has been brought under his notice, that such seats are heavy and awkward matters to get out of the way when an audience is leaving. He thinks in case of any confusion arising this would be increased by persons stumbling over them. He makes, however, no objection to the hinged seats, which can be readily turned up so as to afford no obstruction to passage through the gangways.

MR. GEORGE CONQUEST'S BENEFIT will take place on Thursday, October 14. The *pièce de résistance* will be a new drama written by himself in connection with Henry Pettitt, and entitled *Sentenced to Death*, the scenes being laid at well-known points of interest at the River Lea—such as the Old Ferry House, old Chingford Church, &c. There will be plenty of other attractions, including the ever-welcome "Phantom Eight" with his clever son.

THE prospectus has been issued of the Briton Life Association, which is formed for the creation of a "new series" of the Briton Medical and General Life Association, on a perfectly independent basis, and entirely free from any of the existing liabilities or engagements of the parent institution. The capital required is £500,000 in £1 shares, of which 100,000 are now offered to the public. Shareholders will receive an annual interest of 5 per cent, payable half-yearly, in addition to 20 per cent of the net divisible profits. In the ten years ended Dec. 31, 1873, the new annual premiums of the old society amounted to an average of £21,698 per annum; hence the prospects of the new company, which has been formed in connection with the 2000 old established agencies, are unusually encouraging.

DUMIDIUCA, after winning the Selling Stakes of 10 sovs each, last half of R.M., on Wednesday, was bought by Mr. Gretton for 630gs.

Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the "Monthly Review of New Music," on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday.

Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

ENGLISH OPERA—PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE production of Balfe's popular opera, *The Bohemian Girl*, on Saturday last, at the Princess's Theatre, was doubly interesting, both as the first performance which has been given of that opera by a complete company for many years past, and because of the opportunity which was afforded of hearing, for the first time in England, the additional music written by Balfe when the opera was first played, in a French version, at Paris. Of the manner in which the opera was performed on Saturday last it would be difficult to speak too highly, so far as concerns the *ensemble*. For many years we have been accustomed to hear *The Bohemian Girl* performed in London with miserably inefficient orchestras and scanty choruses. At the Princess's Theatre the orchestra, composed of between forty and fifty of our finest players, renders the fullest justice to Balfe's intentions, so far as the orchestration is concerned. The many graceful passages which are given to various instruments are now played in a manner which brings their beauty into notice and adds greatly to the general enjoyment. Throughout the opera, and most especially in the accompaniments to the choruses, Balfe has enlivened his work by an abundance of separate melodies, written as accompaniments to the vocal music. If these be omitted, or if they be coarsely played, half the intended effect is lost. Played as they now are by the Carl Rosa orchestra they are sufficiently charming to divide attention with the vocal music to which they are attached. The choristers are equally remarkable for adequate discharge of their duties. They all have good voices and good ears, always sing in tune, and show that English choristers, when properly guided, can vie with any in producing those contrasts of piano and forte, those rapid crescendi and diminuendi which are essential in high art. Some of these same choristers are familiar to the sight of opera-goers, and are, indeed, the élite of the choirs of the two Italian opera-houses. But they seem to have developed new faculties under Mr. Carl Rosa's direction; and, instead of standing in opposite rows, staring about them with placid indifference, they now try to act, and sometimes with no little success. The frequent rehearsals, which are part of Mr. Carl Rosa's system, ensure a thorough understanding between the director and the directed, and the audience very soon find this out. They see that everyone is competent, that there is no likelihood of the slightest hitch or breakdown, and, feeling this, they can give themselves up to the unreserved enjoyment of whatever opera is being performed. Of the absurdities which disfigure the plot of the *Bohemian Girl*, or of the stupidity of the words written for music by the late Alfred Bunn, it is not necessary to speak. It says much for the power of Balfe's melodies that, in spite of such disadvantages, his opera retains undiminished popularity, and draws larger average audiences than any other work in the operatic répertoire.

Three of the principal artists had played in this opera during the progress of the Carl Rosa company in America—viz., Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. Nordblom, and Mr. Aynsley Cook. The Arline of Miss Rose Hersee is one of her most charming characters, and her vocal and dramatic powers were displayed to great advantage throughout the opera, although a report was circulated, before the performance began, that she would not be able to sing. In her first song, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," she evidently suffered from hoarseness; but she finished the last verse with a shake so brilliant and prolonged that an enthusiastic encore followed. In the rondo finale she introduced some equally brilliant embellishments, which elicited loud applause. Miss Yorke played the Gipsy Queen, for the first time. Her fine face and commanding figure were in her favour, and she looked every inch a queen. The music of the rôle afforded few opportunities for the full display of her vocal powers, but she sang like a finished artiste in the concerted music, and made a decided success in the song, "Hope smiles but to deceive," which was introduced by Balfe some years after the opera was first produced. Mr. Nordblom was not in good voice, but his acting was full of intelligence and power, and he obtained a merited encore for "Then you'll remember me." Mr. Aynsley Cook was an effective Devilshoof, and fortunately curbed his usual proneness to indulge in extravagant saltatory display in the fair scene. His fine voice was of considerable service in the concerted music. Mr. Charles Lyall was an amusing Florestine, but neither in his dress, manner, nor hair did he help to make the audience understand that an interval of many years had occurred between the first and second acts. In this respect a good example was set by Mr. Celli, who played Count Arnheim, and who looked like a young man in the first act, but was most effectively made up as a prematurely old man in the succeeding acts. Mr. Celli deserves great praise for his performance of the somewhat insipid part of the Count. His acting was natural, pathetic, and gentleman-like, and he sang well. We have never heard "The heart bowed down" so well sung; and the hearty encore which followed was justly earned by Mr. Celli's expressive and artistic singing.

The new music, or, rather, the music heard now for the first time in England, will be listened to with interest. Balfe no doubt did his best to add attractions to his opera, and no one could tell so well as he where there were deficiencies which required filling up. What he has added is good in its way, but will not add much to the value of the opera; indeed, it causes the second act to drag somewhat heavily. The principal features in the extra music are to be found in the second act, and comprise a trio for Arline, Thaddeus, and the Gipsy Queen, which necessitates the omission of one of the brightest passages in the original version ("Listen, while I relate"), which is enriched with charming orchestration. A duet for Arline and the Queen is introduced, and is chiefly remarkable for an elaborate double cadenza, which was admirably sung by Miss Rose Hersee and Miss Yorke. In the same scene occurs a "grand ensemble," with an effective chorus. Musicians will wish to hear Balfe's additions to *The Bohemian Girl*, which are interesting from more than one point of view, but we doubt if general audiences will approve of the interpolations, which hinder the action without any compensation in the shape of fresh melody.

The *mise en scène* was splendid, and reflected credit on the stage management of Mr. Arthur Howell, who had arranged much new stage business, including tableaux and processions, which added greatly to the scenic effect. An elaborate ballet was introduced under the direction of M. Espinosa, and was warmly applauded. The principal artists were twice called before the curtain, and loud calls were made for Mr. Rosa, who did not make his appearance. The house was densely crowded, and among the visitors were Madame Balfe, her son-in-law the Duke de Frias, and his two children. Madame Balfe conveyed her thanks to Mr. Carl Rosa for the "splendid performance" of her late husband's opera, and sent a complimentary mes-

sage to Miss Rose Hersee, "the best Arline she had ever seen." The opera was repeated on Tuesday and Friday, to crowded audiences.

Verdi's *Trovatore* was produced on Thursday, with Mr. Santley and Mdlle. Torriani as the Count and Leonora—too late for notice this week.

Musical Review.

MESSRS. CRAMER AND CO., 201, Regent-street, publish "Watchman, what of the night?" by Charles Gounod. This is a beautiful song. The sublime theme of immortality is well treated in the words, and the musical setting is impressive and appropriate. The song lies within the compass of ordinary voices, and is simple in character, yet dignified and expressive. "The Veiled Picture," by the same composer, is one of the best works we have lately seen. The words, by Mrs. E. Baker, are above the average of lyric poetry, and the melody is simple, yet effective. The last ten bars are peculiarly beautiful, and the song is worthy the high reputation of its distinguished author. "The Song of the Flower-Maiden" by C. H. R. Marriott, is a light and pretty setting of some tripping lines, and will be available for teaching purposes, as the subject of "love" (forbidden in boarding-schools) is not introduced. "Love's Chime" is written by Arthur Matthison, and expresses the poet's resolution to love his mistress in every season of the year; the music, by Mr. O. Barri, is flowing and singable, although not remarkable for originality. "For True Love's Sake," by the same composer, is an agreeable setting of some well-written lines by B. Lawren. "Fair Ellen at the Mill" is a ballad written by Miss K. Lond, with music by C. H. R. Marriott. The words are good, and the melody simple and flowing.

MESSRS. CHAPPELL AND CO., 50, New Bond-street, publish "D'où venez vous?" The words, by Lamartine, are in his best vein. The music, by Mr. White, is unworthy the poetry, and he appears to think that Lamartine's address to the breezes of spring is best suited to be the vehicle for solfeggi, or something like solfeggi.

DUFF AND STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, publish "In the gloaming," words by M. Orred, music by Virginia Gabriel. The words are of the passionate, gushing school, in which rhythm is often made subservient to what is dignified with the title of sentiment. The music is full of feeling and pathos, and the song will probably find admirers among amateur tenors. "Waiting for thee" is a serenade, written by B. S. Montgomery. The melody, by Mr. E. L. Hime, is flowing and pretty. "Sweet little bird on the bough" is a song, written by J. Enderssohn. The words are pretty, and the music, by W. C. Levey, is worthy of the composer. The melody is bright and flowing, and the song may be recommended to amateurs. "Reve d'un Guerrier" is the title of a romance for the pianoforte, by Walter von Rosen; a well-written and effective solo, not too difficult, yet sufficiently showy. "La Belle Bohemienne," by the same composer, is a "Polka Gracieuse," for pianoforte. The rhythms are sufficiently quaint to impart a gipsy character to the music; and the polka, while capable of being used for dancing purposes, is attractive as a pianoforte solo.

ENOCH AND SON, 19, Holles-street, W., publish a "Ballade pour Piano," by Ignace Gibone. Except that the leading theme recalls a well-known passage in "Il Trovatore," this solo is originally conceived and well elaborated. The treatment is graceful, and Mr. Gibone's "Ballade" deserves a place in every amateur's portfolio. The "Marche Circassienne," by R. de Vilbac, may, perhaps, be a reproduction of Circassian military music, but can in no other sense be acceptable. It is so crude, harsh, and devoid of musical interest that it would probably keep at a respectful distance any attacking force endowed with ordinary musical feelings. "Valse de Printemps" is a transcription, by the same author, of a vocal waltz by Biancheri. Neither the original melody nor the transcription call for praise. "La Malle des Indes," by G. Lamothe, is a bright, lively galop, which deserves to become popular. "Les Prés St. Gervais," by Mr. Kuhe, is a fantaisie brillante for the pianoforte, in which several of the most striking melodies in Lecocq's popular comic opera are happily introduced, and embroidered with those embellishments which Mr. Kuhe so well knows how to introduce. This solo is a welcome addition to the repertory of pianoforte music.

J. SCRUTTON, Little Marlborough-street, publishes "The Royal Installation Galop," dedicated to English Freemasons, by "Brother" C. H. R. Marriott. The portrait of H.R.H. the Grand Master adorns the titlepage, on which the masonic square and compasses are also depicted—a piece of bad taste, not to say bad Masonry, which Masons will not be likely to encourage. The portrait may sell the music; but the music is not likely to help the sale of the portrait, being the dullest commonplace imaginable. According to the engraved title-page it is "played everywhere;" so that all the world must by this time have heard it, always supposing that "whatever one sees in print must be true." Whether those who hear it once will endure it a second time is another matter.

W. H. AND C. H. DREAPER, 96, Bold-street, Liverpool, send three songs by the American comedian, Mr. J. K. Emmet—"Schneider, how you vas?" "Wake up" (serenade), and "The Brother's Lullaby." They were sung with great effect by Mr. Emmet during his London engagement, and their merit entitles them to publication. "Souvenir de J. K. Emmet" is the title of a pianoforte fantasia, by J. B. de Ron, chef d'orchestre of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, who has written a showy piece, which will be acceptable to admirers of Mr. Emmet. The "Fritz Valse," by the same composer, is a well-written composition, suitable for dancing purposes and worth playing for its own sake.

CUNNINGHAM, BOOSEY, AND CO., 2, Little Argyll-street, publish a valse brillante, entitled "Lily of the Valley," written by Miss Court, a pupil of the late Sterndale Bennett. Miss Court bids fair to do credit to her illustrious teacher. Her valse is melodious and graceful, the harmonies are well written, and the "Lily of the Valley" valse deserves a place in the portfolios of amateur pianistes.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Reed and rail birds are not only moderately plenty, but the reed-birds are improving in quality. There seem to be a good many plover and English snipe shot down the river.

LONG ISLAND.—During the month of December (and sparsely earlier) a fair shot can strike a barrel full of ducks (nearly all kinds and variety except the canvas back) in a few hours without leaving his tracks, from any of the low lands of this beautiful Shelter Island, by using decoys. From the day of legal shooting one can bag all the quail he can carry. A row-boat will land the hunter on Shelter Island in a few minutes. The ducks swarm here in myriads to feed at this season of the year. Mr. M. C. Griffing, a substantial farmer and old resident of Shelter Island, informed me that he had often shot a barrel full of ducks from such-and-such a spot, one of which named was the dock of the Shelter Island Association.

UP THE VALLEY OF THE HAMBLE.

THE place is Hambleton Lock; the period is yesterday, and the hour is between one and two in the afternoon. We have been here pretty well all the morning, lounging about and acting the part of amateur lock-keepers. A very pleasant occupation this is, because you seem to be doing so much hard work, and yet in reality are so lazy; you give a sort of salve to your conscience so that it can no longer prick you. If I had lived—"flourished," I believe, is the correct term—half a century ago, I should have liked to keep a turnpike. As I only exist and do not flourish in the present day, I should like of all things in the world to keep a lock on the River Thames. So, if ever the Thames Conservancy wish to give me a reward for general good conduct and attention to my studies, I trust they will confer the keepership of Hambleton Lock upon me. Yes, this lock would suit me very well, indeed; there is a nice little house, a pleasant garden, and a prolific orchard, and I dare-say I might obtain permission to keep a cow in the Remenham meads. If I wanted any luxuries it would not take me long to scull up to Henley for a hamper of wine, or to drift down to Medmenham in search of Apollinaris water. And all this time people would be waiting to go through, and would be shouting, "Lock! lo-o-o-c-k!" till they were black in the face. That would never do. If ever I keep Hambleton Lock I must forswear luxuries. I must not go astray after hampers of wine, neither must I thirst for the waters of Apollinaris. When I come to think of it, I do not know that I should make such a bad lock-keeper after all. At any rate, this morning both myself and my friend Nomad have done our duty. We have wound up sluices, we have pushed open gates, we have towed boats, we have taken money, we have given change; in short, behaved ourselves in most exemplary fashion. In the intervals of business, when nobody is in the "pound" and when no boats are seen approaching either up stream or down, we unbend very much indeed. We smoke short pipes; we lounge on the grass; we tease Bob, a pretty little kitten which is always scrambling about all over the place and apparently seeing how near it can approach suicide without actually killing itself; or we infuriate Tiny, a tailless puppy, who has an especial antipathy to barges. Whether the dog knows who it was who ate the puppy pie under Marlow Bridge, or whether a bargee at one time deprived him of his tail, I know not, but he becomes furious at the approach of a barge; he barks violently whenever he sees us, and I am sadly afraid—let me whisper it softly—he takes us for barges.

It is vastly amusing to watch the variety of people and boats that pass through. A lock is an excellent place to study character. Here you may notice the coolness and knowledge of the old hands, the swagger of the Winkleite watermen—there are many Winkleite watermen on the Thames nowadays—the witness of the way in which the latter will inevitably come to grief. Just now a picnic party, on board a steam-launch, passed through. It scarcely seemed to be well arranged. All the old people—the stout mammas, the heavy fathers, and the uninteresting uncles and aunts—were packed in the cabin of the launch, and a charming selection of young people, including two very pretty damsels, were towed in a boat astern. I am not going to tell tales out of school, but if I were to inform that severe-looking stout mamma in the steamer how her daughters behaved to a couple of gentlemen, who shall be nameless, when the boat got just clear of the lock-gates, I am inclined to think those two naughty girls would be sent home and sent to bed. Occasionally we find friends of ours passing through. Sometimes they look very serious, and pretend not to see me. I can see what is passing in their minds. "Ah, T. T. come down to this, has he? I always thought there was something queer about him." Then I put my eyeglass to my eye—that eyeglass has saved me many a time—and put on a jaunty manner, go and shake hands with them and explain that I am only lock-keeping for a little amusement: at which they laugh heartily, and say, "So like you, you know." Though why they should laugh heartily, or why lock-keeping should resemble me so forcibly, I fail to understand. A nicely-appointed boat has just passed in. It is sculled by a merry brown-faced, grey-eyed young fellow. Two girls are sitting in the stern, but we learn from their chatter—wonderful conversations you overhear in a lock sometimes, I can tell you—that the two girls are going to walk back to Henley and the sculler is going as far as Marlow. They debark at the steps, and there is a deal of pretty hesitation, a fluttering of feathers, a reefing of skirts, and both young ladies pass with credit a competitive examination in ankles. There is a good deal of talk with "John." The damsel in a Galatea dress, I can see, from the strong family likeness, is John's sister; the laughing impudent child in an Eton straw hat and a dainty holland dress is evidently no relation at present. She is a saucy little puss; she has the bluest eyes, the prettiest short-cropped hair, and the most delicious dimples in the world, and I should not be surprised if she some day leads John a fine life. You see he has shaken hands with her a good many more times than was absolutely necessary, and he shakes hands with her once more, the very last thing before he gets under way. "Good-bye, John," says the sister. "Good-bye, John," says Miss Dimples, laughing merrily and evidently looking upon the whole affair as an excellent joke. And then she kisses her hand to the sculler, and sings softly to herself,

Good bye, John,

Don't stop long,

Come back quick to your own chickabiddy.

I sincerely trust John will not remain long absent, and that he will quickly return, for this little lady is certainly "the chickabiddiest chickabiddy that ever you did see."

I feel wonderfully energetic all at once, and ask Nomad if he would care for a walk up the valley of the Hamble. Now Nomad is the most enthusiastic fisherman in the world, and would joyfully flog a damp turnpike road from the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night if he saw the chance of rising a minnow. The Hamble sounds like a trout stream, does it not? It ought to be just such a stream as the best parts of the Wutach in the Black Forest. Though my friend does not probably expect anything of this kind, the name acts as a charm. It sounds like fishing, and so we put on our coats and start. We take our way along a rough road composed of big boulders and long, ragged grass; we pass across several picturesque weirs, and pause to look at the swirl of the bottle-green water as it lashes through the rymers; we wander knee-deep amid waterside vegetation, which never looks so well as at this time of year; we walk beneath some sighing elms, and emerge eventually in what looks to be the private yard of the mill. A big black dog rushes out of a kennel and barks good-humouredly, and then gives a wink, as much as to say

"It's all my fun, and you'll find the master isn't half a bad sort." Following the direction of the dog's look, we see the miller standing in the doorway of the mill. A jovial, handsome miller is he, with his face and coat powdered with flour. He wishes us the time of day and we pass on by the miller's house: it has a gay little garden in front, and there are two pretty children playing on the tiny lawn. The windows are open, and somebody is singing a quaint little song with a piano accompaniment. The melodious throb and rhythm of the mill harmonises well with the song, and produces altogether a novel effect. Would I were musician enough to score this, and I would produce one of the sweetest lullabies you ever heard.

Away from the mill and along a bit of dusty road. We peer over the palings to the left and see a rare old farmhouse. What a place this would be to stay a fortnight in! One could fancy its proprietor was a regular old-fashioned farmer: one of those of whom you occasionally see specimens at the Cattle Show, and who look as if they might have sat to Mr. John Tenniel for his portrait of John Bull. This race, by-the-way, is getting almost extinct. Farmers in the present day wear beards and moustaches, and talk learnedly on chemistry; their daughters play skilfully on the piano and read the latest novel, but know naught of the mysteries of the dairy. But I fancy the farmhouse we have just passed is quite of the old-fashioned sort. I saw one or two chubby damsels through a grated window who formed almost as charming a picture as Hetty in the dairy does in "Adam Bede." A little further on we meet a small girl with a gigantic sun-bonnet, and we ask her the way; but she is frightened, she bites the corner of her pinafore, and will vouchsafe us no reply whatsoever. A lazy-looking roan carthorse—I am certain his name must be Dobbin—with a merry countryman sitting sideways on his back, slouches slowly by us. The countryman informs us that if we turn off to the right we shall be able to walk across the fields and avoid the dusty road altogether. We take his advice, and stroll under the shade of some grand old elms; we pass through a herd of sleepy cattle, who only seem to be kept awake by the everlasting swishing of their tails; and, finally, we emerge on a little bit of greensward where two little boys are enjoying a very mild game of single wicket. Here we find a clear little stream, scarcely sufficient to flow over our shoes. I point this out to Nomad, and say I suppose it must be the Hamble, and ask him if he does not think it would be a good place for a trout, just where the water is rippling over a pebble. I also say that it does not look as though it were overfished. Nomad looks grave, he wipes away a manly tear, and says he wishes I would not joke on serious subjects. However, the tiny rivulet is sufficient for a tiny bridge, and we pass over it into the sleepiest, quietest, most old-fashioned village you would desire to see—Hambleton.

It is a most picturesque little place—good, crumbling walls, plenty of seasoned red-brick and ancient lichen-covered tiles, plenty of old trees, creepers, and greenery. There are only two or three shops in the place, and these are on such a very small scale that if more than four customers came at once I imagine the rest would have to wait in the front garden till it was their turn to be served. There is a curious little pond with a luxuriant chestnut-tree growing in the middle of it, which only looks big enough to imprison a stray baby of ten months old. The gardens to all the cottages are wonderfully gay, and are full of every description of old-fashioned flowers. We wander through the church, and, though it has been somewhat thoroughly restored, we are glad to find, at any rate as far as its exterior is concerned, it is in harmony with the buildings with which it is surrounded. In the churchyard there are many old tombs, and one gorgeous mausoleum, with trees growing out of it. There is a headstone sacred to the memory of Barabee Fastnedge. We fall to a-talking of Barabee Fastnedge, wondering at the odd name and endeavouring to imagine what sort of a person could have possessed it, and walk round to the eastern gate of the church. Here we see a grand old manor-house, standing in a quaint garden and screened from the road by lofty trees. There is a good history connected with this house, I will be bound. I wonder whether Barabee Fastnedge had anything to do with it. No, I think not. I fancy there must be a courtly old lady living here—I have a Silas Weggian way of compiling the history of individuals and peopling houses according to my fancy—who always dresses in black brocaded silk, who wears a wonderful cap, and has the most beautiful grey hair; who had some terrible love affair in her youth, who now loves old china, and is the Lady Bountiful of the village. She does not see much company; but the clergy and the doctor know what capital little dinners she gives and what an excellent cellar of wine she has. Is there not an air of massive silver plate, rare old port, and magnums of claret about that mansion. Then this old lady should have a very pretty niece, who lives with her, to whom she intends to leave the bulk of her property; and, then—but, no, I won't tell you any more, because I mean to write a beautiful three-volume novel on the subject some of these fine days.

We wander round the wall of the manor-house, and discover a curious little hostelry. It looks so small that we fear we can hardly get in at the door. We, however, make up our minds to try, and we succeed. We go through the house into a gay little garden; we fling ourselves down on the lawn, and a pretty, blue-eyed waiting-maid brings us tankards of excellent shandy-gaff. We light up our pipes, and we talk, and smoke, and lounge till we think it is time to return to our lock, which certainly must have suffered somewhat in our absence. Though, as I tell Nomad, you can scarcely call the Hamble a first-rate stream, I do not think he by any means regretted his walk.

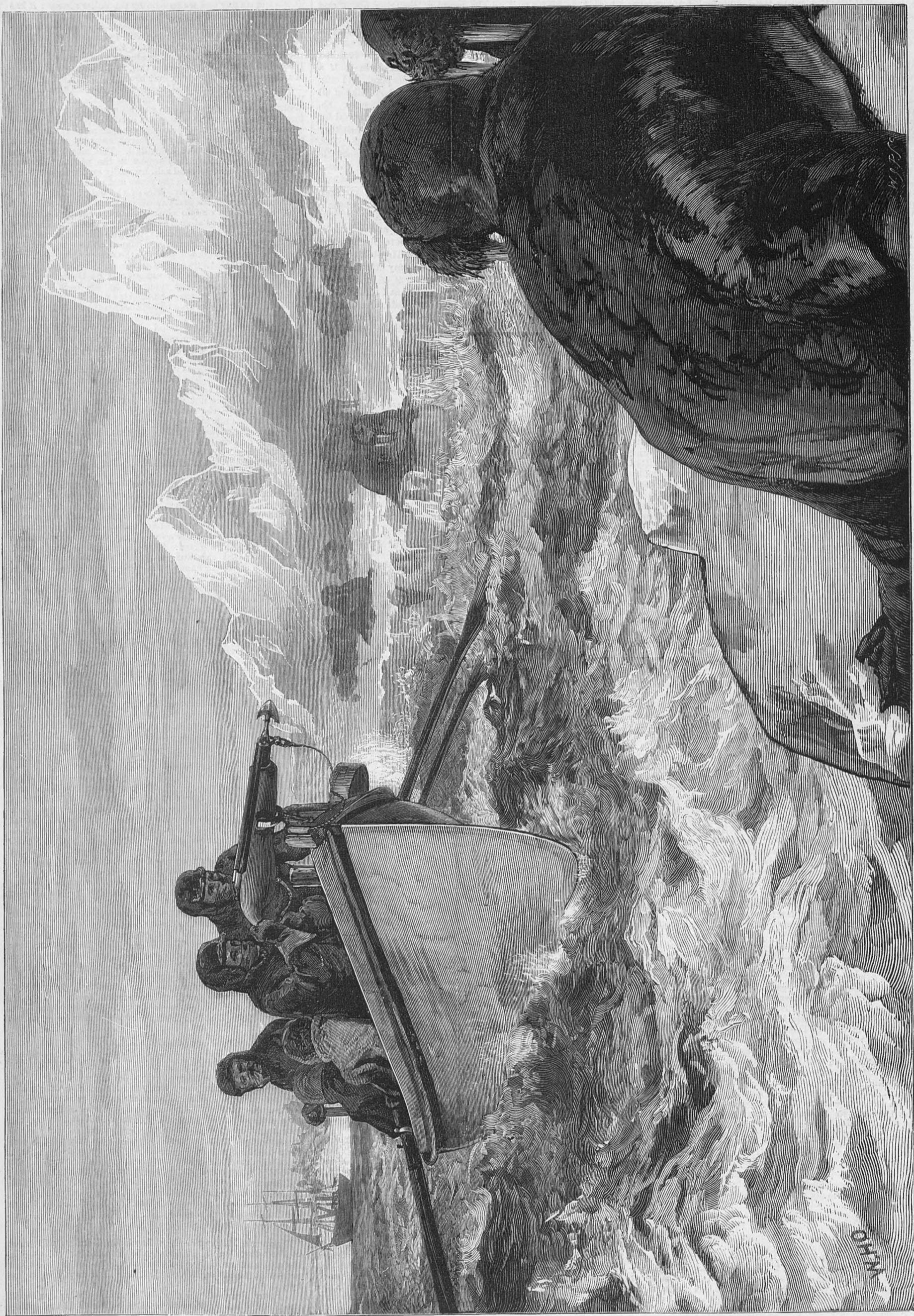
THE TINY TRAVELLER.

THE WESTMINSTER ROYAL AQUARIUM AND WINTER GARDEN.

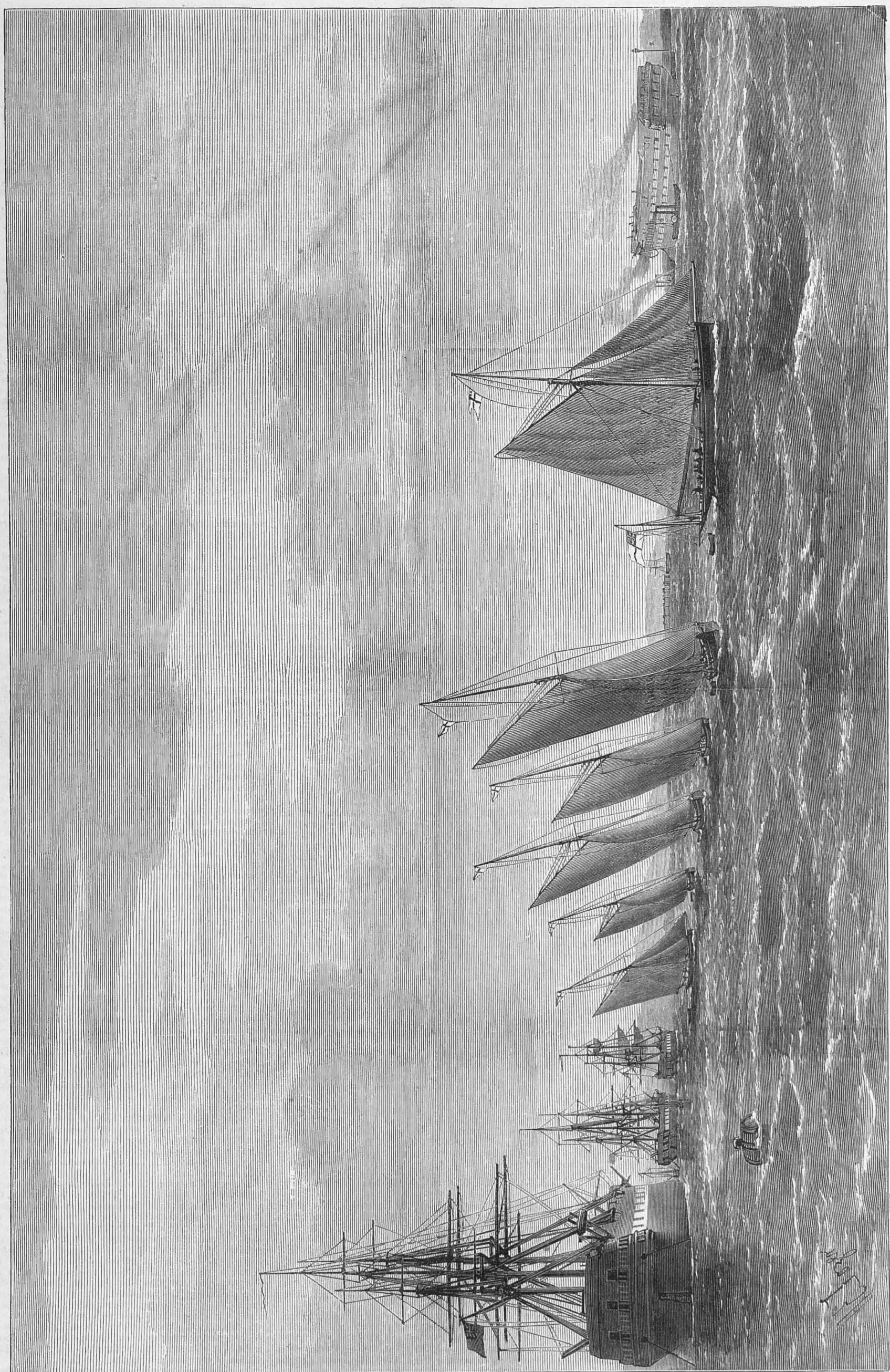
In a recent Number we gave a full descriptive account of this fine building, which is now rapidly approaching completion. On Tuesday last a select party of ladies and gentlemen were entertained at luncheon by Mr. W. W. Robertson, the managing director. After an inspection of the works an adjournment was made to the banquet, which was given in the great hall—Mr. Robertson being in the chair. Speeches were made by the chairman, by Lord Carington, the Hon. Edward Curzon, Major-General Scott, Professor Owen, and Messrs. H. Stacy Marks, A.R.A., S. C. Hall, and Tom Taylor. The room was handsomely decorated with flags and pictures, and with flowers supplied by Mr. Wills, of South Kensington, the company's florist.

BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.—The Brookside Harriers will meet on Thursday, Oct. 7, at Telscombe Tyre, at eleven o'clock. The arrangements and appointments will be the same as last year—viz., Mondays, Newmarket-hill; Thursdays, Telscombe Tyre.

BICYCLE FEAT.—At the Leeds Horticultural Gardens David Stanton, of London, has performed the difficult feat of riding eighteen miles under one hour, having rather more than a minute to spare.



THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—SHOOTING WALRUS WITH THE HARPOON GUN.



CLOSE OF THE YACHTING SEASON ON THE THAMES.—THE YACHTS SALUTING THEIR REAR-COMMODORE.

"MY FRIENDS AND MYSELF."

WRITING some time since on the subject of the Fordham testimonial, we were bold enough to say, in effect, that there would be no end to such presentations, which had better have begun and ended with the John Osborne memorial. Our remarks have been singularly verified by a recent attempt to start subscription-lists on behalf of James Goater; and we may expect soon to hear of proposed similar movements on behalf of Custance or Chaloner. We have not one word to say against Goater, who has certainly been a long time before the public, but who, so far as we can recollect, has not been associated with any remarkable episodes in the history of the turf. Always connected with his own stable, "Our Jim" has not wanted for mounts wherewith to keep his hand in, but it would be nothing less than gross flattery to assert that he has elevated himself to the position (as an artist) of at least half a score more celebrated jockeys. He has never shown us any of those marvellous "bits of riding" (as "Argus" used to call them) which have electrified Newmarket, or brought down the stands of Ascot, Goodwood, or Doncaster with well-merited applause. A good, steady rider, with a natty seat and plenty of strength and nerve, James Goater is just one of the thoroughly useful stamp of horsemen who seldom are found "standing down" for any important event. All racegoers, too, will agree that a more civil-spoken or well-behaved jockey than "our Jim" never took silk; and we venture to say that no one was more surprised at the proposal contained in Mr. Gomm's letter to the *Sportsman* than the Hampshire horseman. Rather than undergo the slow torture of these constant appeals to the pocket, why not raise a *monstre* subscription for the crack jockeys of England, and show them, once for all, the high degree of estimation in which we hold their efforts as a body, and our appreciation of their public and private virtues? Apart from considerations of relative merit, we think it very questionable taste on the part of such an individual as Mr. Gomm coming forward, at such a time, to advance the claims of his own jockey; and we feel sure that "Save me from my friends!" will be the exclamation of Goater and his many followers. No one will feel greater surprise than "Jim" himself at the allusions of Mr. Gomm to "brilliant riding on my mare Fraulein." Will Mr. Gomm kindly inform us where and when these artistic finishes took place? Certainly not at Doncaster, in the Cup, where Fraulein had it all her own way, nor in any races in which she performed this year, if our memory is worth trusting at all. Before that she was merely a plater, or, at any rate, blushed unseen in public, until she awoke to find herself famous "one morning in May." The transformation of a pumpkin into Cinderella's coach could not have been more startling; but since Fraulein has taken it into her head to improve she has mended her ways so rapidly that her jockeys have had but little trouble. It is, of course, a "brilliant" performance to beat animals of the calibre of Marie Stuart, Louise Victoria, and Apology for so important a race as the Doncaster Cup; but the brilliancy lies altogether with the mare, and not with her rider, who, probably, merely managed her according to orders. Any "chalk" jockey could have ridden Fraulein equally well, and we deny that there was anything (in this especial race at least) to call forth our unqualified admiration for Goater as a jockey. If Mr. Gomm is so cock-a-hoop about winning the Cup at Doncaster, he might present that trophy to "our Jim," along with a purse of sovereigns, and there would not be a soul to say him nay; but an appeal to the racing public on Goater's behalf because Mr. Gomm is pleased is quite another affair, and open to any comments we may choose to make.

If Mr. Gomm thinks that his mare Fraulein is one of the public favourites, like Marie Stuart or Apology, and that the "great unwashed" are likely to wax enthusiastic on her behalf, he should be at once emancipated from any such idea. There is no name which stinks in the nostrils of the fraternity of backers like that of Fraulein; and, had Mr. Gomm been among the crowd which pressed round for a look at her after the Cup race, he might have heard opinions very freely expressed about the mare and her connections. There were curses loud and deep invoked upon her hapless head for that unforgotten Liverpool escapade; and the words "scratch her" might have been heard in more than one quarter as she returned to scale. Her reception at the hands of the tykes was an ominously silent one, and only a distressingly feeble cheer arose from a certain clique to welcome home the mare. We have witnessed the triumphant procession of many a Cup winner, but the coldness and apathy with which Fraulein's victory was received told plainly enough the truth of her unpopularity; and in the paddock, after the race, we heard nothing but deep expressions of regret at her success. Of course the party connected with her were jubilant, and there was none of the

"Monkeys six, or scratch her, Tom,"

difficulty, inasmuch as bookmakers (Collins, perhaps, excepted) were loud in their offers of 10 to 1 against the Findon mare. We consider that Mr. Gomm comes before the public with an exceedingly bad grace to ask for a Goater testimonial, and we shall be surprised beyond measure if Messrs. Chaplin and Savile are found willing to lend their names to any project having its origin in so unsavoury a quarter. We stigmatized the Fraulein business at Liverpool as most disgraceful, and we still hold to that opinion, notwithstanding all attempts to excuse the infamous transaction, which quite recalls old memories of Chattanooga and Wild Briar. The stewards are, of course, mainly to blame in not taking more decided steps in the matter; but all promised investigation appears to have been diligently buried, and the whole affair has been hushed up most indecorously. No one doubted at the time that Mr. Gomm had some good and sufficient excuse for his most extraordinary conduct; but he never condescended to explain, and left people to form their own conclusions, which were not of the most complimentary nature to the owner of Fraulein. Now, this gentleman, who has never yet publicly denied the assertion that he handed his mare over to bookmaker Collins "to do as he liked with," comes forward with the utmost effrontery and asks the public to testimonialise his jockey—testimonials "being just now on the carpet." Before being generous it is better to be just; and we should suggest that "my friends and myself" should set the example of forming a fund for the relief of unfortunate backers of Fraulein for the Liverpool Cup. Having duly cleared off this score, the field would be clear for whatever token of esteem racing-men might choose to confer upon "my jockey," provided that no mention was made of his "brilliant riding" of Fraulein. Anyone with a grain of sense might have thought that the very effectual rebukes administered by the press would have had the effect of suppressing Mr. Gomm for a season; but he is apparently one of that irrepressible sort who delight in being "before the public." We are sorry that James Goater should have been placed in so false a position, owing to these ill-advised efforts on his behalf; and were we in his place we should at once repudiate all participation in such a scheme as that propounded by the owner of Fraulein, whose name, whether at the head or the end of the list of subscribers, will recall scandalous memories which we would fain bury out of sight.

Shooting Notes:

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. PENN (Banbury).—(1) You do not require a license for the amusements mentioned. (2) You do not require a gun license for Reilly's Air Rifle-Gun.
L. B. KEYSER (Valdenz, Berneastle, Rhenish Prussia).—Many thanks for your contributions. Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Illustration of the hare's head will appear in our next number.

THE Duke of Richmond, the Earl of March, and a party of friends staying at Gordon Castle—including the Hon. Colonel Coke, Colonel Pearson, Captain Duncombe, and Macleod of Macleod—have had excellent sport deer-stalking at Glenfiddich.

EARL GROSVENOR is on a partridge-shooting visit to the Earl of Scarborough at Sandbeck. From there he goes to Glenmore, the Duke of Westminster's shooting-box in Sutherlandshire.

THE Earl of Wilton will entertain a shooting party at Heaton Hall, near Manchester, in a few days.

HINTS ON SHOOTING, BY A SPORTING SQUIRE.

HOW TO HIT A PARTRIDGE.—A bird flying to your left obliquely requires the gun eight or ten inches clear of the left side; just so a bird flying to the right, up the right side. I allude to birds getting up six or eight rods from you; but at a greater distance, and when strong on the wing, the gun ought to be held double the distance just mentioned. I have seen good shots, who have always been used to an open country, shoot badly in an inclosed spot where hedges were high and fields small; for this reason, the birds were shot under, not having allowed for their rapid rising over hedges. Birds thus flying want the gun held above them six inches.

PHEASANT-SHOOTING.—To make a good pheasant shot requires much practice; many persons think they are a large bird, and easily killed. Just at the beginning of the season they may be; but when they get old and wild it is quite the contrary, for many reasons. On going into cover always select a one-year-old coppice, laying next a stubble, to begin with; never hunt the side near the stubble first, for this reason. If birds have just run in from their feed, and you are behind them, a great many will run away to the high wood at the first shot. Go round your coppice next the high wood first, then work it back cross-ways, towards the outside; you will then be between the wood and your birds, which will cause them to lay like stones. It is also right to hunt those coppices which lay towards the morning sun; they dry first, are warmer, and I can assure you no birds are more fond of sun than pheasants. I have seen them after a wet morning, at the sun's first rays, sitting on the top of a hedge; and here let me remark, you cannot be too quiet, or hunt your ground too slowly. Those that attend to this will always find most game; and I have even found it a good plan, when you have hunted a coppice over, to turn round and hunt it back again, and many a bird I have found in that way. In the middle of the day you will find your birds on brakie banks and open places, in high wood, particularly those out of the wind and warm. Pheasants lie very still in the middle of the day, and leave very little haunt for dogs to touch upon. To be a good wood shot, a man should never hesitate; the first sight is best; never fear shooting, but recollect the shot will find its way through; a pheasant is always rising, and very fast, at times, therefore keep the gun well over him. I think enough has been said on pheasant-shooting to make a person, who has not been acquainted with the sport, to go into covert as a sportsman; at any rate, I am certain these remarks will prove useful.

RABBIT-SHOOTING.—Before we leave the wood we may as well have a hunt with the rabbit-beagles, and when a man has about two couples and a half really good—and to get them so it is always best to have them of one litter, if not all puppies, of one age, and brought up together, they will then be free from jealousy, hunt well together, and never go away to other dogs; on the contrary, if you were to get three couples of the best beagles that could be found, from different persons, they scarcely ever hunt well together, they all like to be their own masters, and are always jealous of one another, which causes them to get away, and they scarcely are ever worth shooting to. Beagles should not be too fast for rabbits; this being the case, they will not stand a good hunt, but go to ground. The best method to get shots is to stand in a road where rabbits cross, and always select those places where you see the most runs, and where they are most used. Look for large oaks; under them you will generally find an open place, and well used by rabbits; also notice, when a rabbit is found, the spot which it passes in his first circle which he makes, for they generally run in a round.

SNIPE-SHOOTING.—In 1837 the winter was very severe commencing with three days' gale of wind, and freezing severely. I went into the marsh late, to wait for duck; it was getting dusk; the snipes got up in all directions. I had time to kill three couples and a half. I could scarcely sleep for thinking of them. Up to breakfast long before light, and down to the spot before I could see. Bitterly cold, and the moon looking as red as blood. Just snow enough to make the ground white. As soon as I could see about eight rods I went to work, and before ten o'clock I had ten couples of snipes, and only one jack, all in fine condition. Some persons will tell you always wait till your bird has taken a turn or two. If I had done so I should not have had my ten couples. The way to shoot a snipe is to take your turn at him as quickly as possible before he can get fast on wing; if not, I will bet long odds against you. Always go down wind in trying your ditches, as a snipe almost always flies up wind; and, if he should get up too far off, he will often pass you and give you the fairest of shots. Sincerely hoping beginners will derive some benefit from the sport we have had, I shall say no more for the gun, only do not forget to keep your eye on the object.

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SHOOTING NOTES
NOTICE.

Owing to the great rapidity with which the circulation of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS has increased in both America and Canada, we are favoured, mail after mail, with "Notes" on various sporting matters from subscribers and "club" readers. In the majority of instances, however, these communications, for want of proper attention to postal regulations, arrive too late to be matters of news to our readers. We would beg, therefore, to suggest to those who may favour us with communications for the future to post them in time to save the next mail.

SPORT IN AMERICA.—Sportsmen in England will gather much useful information from our "American and Canadian Shooting Notes" as to what can be done with the gun in those countries. We would also wish to point out that, whereas it is often the custom to adduce the United States and Canada as countries existing without game laws, it will be seen, from the information published in our columns, that game preservation will soon be, if anything, more strict in the Far West than in the mother country. This is a complete answer to those

who are clamorous for the abolition of the game laws in the United Kingdom.

THE Boston Herald says that "Ira A. Paine and Mr. James Gordon Bennett will shoot a pigeon-match with Captain Bogardus and Mr. Carroll Livingstone at Newport, R.I., Oct. 6. The match is 100 birds, for 5000 dols a side."

MR. J. H. STEWARD, of London, optician to the National Rifle Association of England and the National Rifle Association of the United States, has presented the same prizes this year for competition at Creedmoor as he presented last—viz., a Steward's new Wimbledon Camp binocular field-glass, as used by the official scorers at Wimbledon this year; a Steward's improved watch aneroid barometer, for measuring mountain heights and foretelling weather, with the addition of a compass and thermometer; a Lord Bury telescope, all amounting in value to 135 dols.

THE fifth regular shooting-meeting of the Amateur Rifle Club of Mount Vernon, N.Y., was held on Sept. 11. This club is composed of a limited number of members, who have no expectation of becoming "crack shots," but are shooting for amusement. The first meeting was held on Aug. 7, and the shooting has improved at a rate which is at once satisfactory and encouraging.

THE MATCH between a picked six of the Parthian Jr. Rifle Club, of Hudson, and the Saratoga Rifle Club, took place on Sept. 8, on the Saratoga Club range, beginning at half-past ten a.m. and ending at 2.15, each man firing three sighting and twenty scoring shots. The contest was between breech and muzzle loaders, and resulted in a victory for the breech-loaders, by a score of 33.

THE Rod and Rifle Association of Jamaica, Long Island, contested for the second time, on Wednesday last, for their marksman's gold badge. Mr. Wm. S. Elmendorf, who was the first winner, was obliged to surrender possession to Mr. George H. Creed, the president of the club. No scores have reached us.

GAME IN SEASON IN THE UNITED STATES.—Moose, elk or wapiti, hares (brown and grey), wild turkey, woodcock, ruffed grouse, Esquimaux curlew, plover, godwit, rails, snipe and bay birds, caribou, red deer, squirrels (red, black, and grey), quail, pinnated grouse, curlew, sandpipers, willet, reed or rice birds, wild duck.

Dominion Rifle Association.—The annual prize-meeting of the Dominion Rifle Association opened at Rideau Ranges on the 17th inst. The targets used were the new Wimbledon, or Brunnel canvas targets. A large number of riflemen were on the ground.

PRICES OF GAME IN NEW YORK MARKET.—Trappers are getting fairly at work at the West, and the result is shown in an increased supply of pinnated grouse killed by this means. Iowa furnished the bulk of the supply, and the price in our market is 1 dol 25 cents per pair. Ruffed-grouse are being received in fair quantities, principally from Connecticut; price 1 dol 75c per pair. We saw at the Messrs. Robbin's some woodcock from the same State, very neatly packed in dock leaves and ice; they retail for 1 dol 50c per pair. Reed birds from Savannah are in very fair condition, and sell for 1 dol per dozen; rail at present are very poor and scarcely worth quoting; teal have appeared, and bring 75c per pair; wood duck, 1 dol per pair; mallard, 1 dol 25c; Bay birds sell for from 50c to 1 dol 50c per dozen, according to size; wild pigeons, from the northern counties of this State, are worth 1 dol 75c per dozen; squabs, 3 dol 50c to 4 dol.

GAME LAWS OF CONNECTICUT.—At the last Session of the Connecticut State Legislature the game laws of that State were so modified as to do away with July woodcock-shooting, and making the close time for woodcock and grouse from July 1 to Oct. 1, and extending the close time for quail until Oct. 20.

WILD GEESZ appeared at Prince Edward Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the 17th inst., which is unusually early.

CANADA: ONTARIO.—Our duck-shooting season has commenced on Lake St. Francis (about ten miles below here); but the birds themselves have failed to make their appearance. Three years ago you could hardly find better duck-shooting in Canada than we had in this vicinity; but now, the ducks, alas! where are they? Probably frightened away by the army of breech-loaders. I took my canoe and Indian down the day the season opened, expecting to have a good time, but came home disappointed enough, scarcely firing a dozen shots. We are sure, however, to have them plenty just before the lake freezes.

GAME LAWS OF MICHIGAN.—The game laws of Michigan were amended at the last Session of the Legislature, and some important changes made which it would be well for our readers in Michigan to note. The law now provides that no animal of the deer species shall be hunted or killed in the Upper Peninsula from Aug. 1 to Dec. 15, and in the Lower Peninsula from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15. Wild turkeys shall not be hunted or killed, except from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1. Woodcock can only be killed from July 16 to Dec. 31, and prairie-chicken, grouse, partridge, pheasant, and wild waterfowl from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31. Any railroads or common carriers who shall transport such game ten days after the expiration of the time prescribed are liable to be fined from 10 dols. to 100 dols. The transportation of live quail is, however, lawful; and common carriers may also transport game from other States where it is lawful to kill such birds or animals at the time of such transportation.

AMENDMENT TO SECTION SEVEN, LAWS OF OHIO.—An Act passed March 29, 1875, declares it unlawful for any person, between Dec. 1 and Nov. 1, to kill any wild deer. The section, otherwise, is correct as printed.

By the laws of 1875, chapter 183, the shooting of ducks, geese, brant, partridges, prairie-chickens, and rabbits is forbidden in Suffolk County, N.Y., prior to Oct. 1.

RAIL used to be abundant on the Hackensack river, and we have known of seventy-five being killed on a tide. What is known as the English neighbourhood is, perhaps, the best locality. However, returns this year are meagre as yet. Nine boats were out on the first day of the open season; they brought in eight birds, but we expect to hear of better results than this ere long.

MAINE: The young dusky-ducks have been very plenty; have killed about fifty. Within a few years there had been quite a change in the breeding of birds upon our river. A few years ago we had no pickerel to eat up the young water-birds. Several kinds of grebes that used to breed abundantly have all gone; the wood-ducks and hooded meganders are getting quite rare; and the flocks of young dusky-ducks have a hard time to keep out of the pickerel throats. I have no doubt the pickerel will make the salmon a rare fish in the St. John river, as they have been put into the Upper St. John, as they will eat up the young fish. Our time to commence shooting ruffed grouse (Sept. 1) has got along, but the birds are small—not more than two-thirds grown—but the flocks are very abundant. Woodcock are more abundant than last year.

A GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION is formed in Chester, Delaware. The association offers a reward of 10 dols for the conviction of every offender against the law.

THE MONROE COUNTY SPORTSMEN'S CLUB have voted 100 dols to Game-Constable Brown for his assiduity and zeal in the cause of preserving game and the enforcement of the game laws.

A SPORTSMEN'S CLUB has been started in Jersey City Heights,

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THE INNISKILLING DRAGOONS' SPORTS AT DUNDALK.—JUMPING IN SECTIONS.

INNISKILLING DRAGOONS' SPORTS.

The athletic sports of this regiment came off in the drill-field behind the barracks at Dundalk last week. The stewards were Colonel the Hon. C. W. Thesiger and the officers, who were assisted by a committee of officers and a sub-committee of non-commissioned officers. All the events were well contested,

the entries being very good. For the third swimming-race, a quarter-mile race for men in fatigue dress, there were twelve or thirteen competitors, including Colonel Thesiger and two of the officers. This event was carried off in great style by the gallant Colonel, who is a very powerful swimmer. The most noticeable features of the sports were "The Tug of War" and "the Jumping by Sections, Mounted" (the subject of our

sketch). The latter was a very fine display of horsemanship, and spoke volumes for the high state of training of both men and horses. The jumps consisted of a bush hurdle, stone wall, bank and ditch, double bank, water-jump, and post and rails. The winners were loudly and justly cheered. At the conclusion of the games the prizes were distributed to the successful athletes by the Hon. Mrs. C. W. Thesiger.



THE LAST AMERICAN PATENT.

New and ingenious self-acting dog-tail and gun-barrel attachment for sporting purposes, invented by a New York Patent Agent. Specification:—"I claim the dog's tail and the extra-sized trigger and trigger-gun gear, also the combination of the trigger and dog's tail, also the whole dog and the general application, in the manner substantially and for the purpose described."

Athletic Sports.

THE second half of the athletic season could not have opened more auspiciously than with the First Autumn Meeting of the London Athletic Club on Saturday last. There was scarcely one familiar face missing from the gathering, and all the men seemed heartily glad that their holiday was over, though, after the manner of actors and actresses, many of them had spent it chiefly in performing in the provinces. After a very wet and unpromising morning, which doubtless frightened away many intending visitors, we enjoyed a beautiful autumn afternoon, and the programme, if not a sensational one, was thoroughly good from beginning to end. Proceedings commenced a little earlier than was originally intended, in order to give time for the ten miles match between W. E. Fuller and C. W. H. Dicker. It arose from the latter having backed himself to run the distance within the hour, which, as will be seen below, he easily accomplished; but though odds of 2 and 3 to 1 were laid on him against Fuller, he never held the lead for a single stride from start to finish. A better race over such a long distance was never seen; though, of course, there was not much excitement about watching it until the men got into the last mile. Dicker certainly finished the faster and pulled up the fresher of the two; but he seemed to run lazily throughout, and kept a most eccentric course, about a yard and a half from the turf, by which he must have covered a good many yards more than his opponent in the thirty laps. The time, though not quite so fast as was generally expected, was decidedly good; and, as this is about the first amateur ten-mile race in which it is quite certain that no mistake was made in the distance, we give it in full:—

	Min. Sec.				
First mile	5	5	—	5	58
Second mile ...	5	35	10 40	6	39 58
Third mile	5	42	16 22	6	10 46 8
Fourth mile ...	5	50	22 12	6	1 52 9
Fifth mile	5	50	28 2	5	32 3 57 41 3 5

The challenge cups did not produce very brilliant sport. Elborough was allowed to retain the Quarter-Mile without the semblance of a struggle, which, doubtless, he did not regret as we hear that he is very big, and will want a great deal of work before he appears in public again. The stereotyped pair—W. W. Ball and H. F. B. Ansell—appeared once more to contest the Three-Miles Walking Cup held by the former. After a brief struggle Ansell got the lead, and, drawing away in good style, soon placed a gap of twenty yards between himself and Ball. This he gradually increased until the end of the second lap, and, though Ball never relaxed his efforts, it certainly looked 5 to 1 on the leader. In the third lap, however, he grew perceptibly slower, and Ball, doing all he knew, caught him in the straight, and, challenging vigorously, got in front. Ansell immediately repassed him, but on Ball going up to him again, just opposite the pavilion, he most unmistakably "cut it," dropped his hands, and retired to the dressing-room. We cannot say that this result was altogether unexpected, as Ansell has never been accused of displaying any dangerous amount of gameness. Still, there is some excuse to be made for him, as he is very young and not particularly strong; but we think he would do well to give up walking for a time. M. D. Rucker ($3\frac{1}{2}$ yards' start) won the 600-yards China Challenge Cup for the second time; and, as he had a little in hand and is a very improving runner, it is possible that he will win it for the third time before the end of the year, and thus gain permanent possession of it. H. W. Hill (12), though he had not put on a shoe for a fortnight, showed to great advantage, and did as good as $7\frac{1}{2}$ sec for the full distance. The feature of the 100-Yards' Handicap was the fine form shown by the men near scratch, as J. Shearman ($6\frac{1}{4}$ yards' start), C. L. Lockton ($4\frac{1}{4}$), G. F. Griffin (5), and A. G. Tindall ($5\frac{1}{4}$), all won their heats. In the final Lockton secured a very clever victory. He is one of the few runners who have fulfilled the promise of their school performances, and as he is still very young we may safely predict a running championship for him at no very distant date, in addition to the Broad Jump, which he has held for the last two years. He has challenged Elborough for the 100-Yards Cup at the next meeting, and the contest between the pair will excite the greatest interest. Unless Elborough practises starting, he is sure to lose a yard and a half in getting off the mark, and with this start Lockton ought to make a very close thing of it; indeed, if he had the dash and determination of Elborough, he would find plenty of supporters. Lockton ($11\frac{1}{2}$ yards start) also had little trouble in winning his heat of the 250-Yards Handicap; but he could not be expected to win four races within two hours, and tired a good deal in the final heat, added to which he was knocked out of his stride in a scrimmage at the corner. The finish for this race was one of the closest and best we ever saw, and resulted in a victory by six inches for C. A. W. Gilbert (17), while S. T. W. Langworth (22), who ran with great gameness, and fell heavily immediately he had passed the tape, was defeated by the same distance for second place by C. R. Gramshaw (25).

In the Half-Mile Handicap, B. J. Angle (64 yards' start) displayed unsuspected staying powers, and has greatly improved; while the time, 1min 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec, was, as usual, a little too fast for the men near scratch. The Two-Miles Handicap was a pretty race, and promised to result in a very close finish, until H. D. Thomas (145 yards start) came out full of running, and won easily. The performance was an exceptionally good one, as it was equivalent to 10min 2sec "all the way;" while it was apparent to every one that he had a good deal in hand. It was, indeed, reported, and we can fully believe it, that Thomas is superior to Gibb over this distance, and he will have to come back a very long way in future handicaps. After a short speech from General Boileau, the prizes were presented by Mrs. James Waddell.

To-day (Saturday) the annual meeting of the Windsor and Eton Alexandra C. C. will take place in the Home Park, Windsor. Very fair entries have been obtained for the three open races.

STAFFORD RACES.—Tuesday.—Wet weather, heavy ground, small fields, and a poor attendance were the features of the first day's racing. Results:—Stewards' Welter Handicap: Mr. A. Holmes's Woodcote, by Joey Jones or Lambton out of Moss Rose (Ross), first; Frugality, second; horse by Wynn-stay out of The Witch, third, won by a length and a half. Ingestre Two-Year-Old Stakes: Mr. Atkinson's colt by Broonielaw out of Queen of Diamonds (McCormick) beat the colt by Knowsley out of Burgogne by two lengths. Ladies' Selling Stakes: Mr. Hobson's Brown Sarah, by Clansman out of Black Sarah (Thompson), first; Lucerne, second; Keepsake, third; five ran; won by a length and a half; the winner was sold to Mr. D. Lawrence for 120gs. Tradesmen's Handicap: Captain Ley's Sylvanus, by Distin out of Sylvanie (J. Jarvis), first; Coronet, second; Englishman, third; won by a length. Hunters' Flat Race: Mr. C. Foster's Pirouette, by The Ranger out of Vimble, beat Chicory (late Billy Button) in a canter by twelve lengths. Maiden Hurdle Race: Mr. J. Darby's Bugle March, first; Baronet (late Collingham), second; Eveleen, third.

LAW.

CHARGE OF TAMPERING WITH POST-OFFICE TELEGRAPH MESSENGER.

At the Newcastle-on-Tyne Police Court, on Friday last, before Mr. H. Milvain and W. H. Stephenson, a man named Charles Fox, a furrier by trade, but for some time past employed as a barman at the White Hart Inn, Cloth Market, was charged on a summons as follows:—"For that you, between April 1 and July 31, 1875, unlawfully did solicit one Thomas Bell, then being a person having official duties connected with the Post Office—to wit, a telegraphic messenger attached to the Newcastle-on-Tyne Post Office—unlawfully and contrary to his duty to disclose the contents of certain telegraphic messages intrusted to the Postmaster-General for the purpose of transmission." Mr. Breton Osborn, solicitor, from the General Post Office, London, appeared to prosecute, and Mr. J. G. Joel for the defendant. Mr. Osborn, in stating the case, said, for some time past the defendant had been in the habit of making the acquaintance of the lads employed as news messengers, and offered them money, with a view to their disclosing the contents of telegrams that arrived at the office on the Quayside, and on some occasions giving them money. A lad named Bell had met the defendant near the telegraph-office at the back-end of last year, and during the present year, and disclosed to him the contents of telegrams in reference to certain races, another lad being present when the defendant had given Bell money. Defendant had shown these lads an almanack containing entries of particular races, and he had also pointed out to them in print such and such races, and told them if they would ascertain the results for him he would make it worth their while to do so. If the authorities had prosecuted the boys they would be liable to be sent for trial, and might be subject to one year's imprisonment; but, as they were open to temptation and the unscrupulous attempts of persons to get them to disclose the news, the Post Office authorities thought the individual inciting them to do this was the more guilty person, and that it was absolutely necessary to make an example of the defendant. This was an indictable offence, and proceedings were taken under three Acts of Parliament—viz., the Post Office Act, the Telegraph Act, 1868, and the Telegraph Act, 1869. After hearing a good deal of evidence from the Post Office messengers and others, the magistrates sent the case for trial at the sessions.

CONVICTION OF ASSAULT BY A TRAINER.

At Doncaster Police-Court on Monday William Henry Scott, of Newmarket, trainer, was charged by Thomas Smith, of Banstead Manor, Cambs, with an assault. Mr. Hudson, of London, represented the defendant.

Smith stated that on the St. Leger day, when the races were over, he had an altercation with Scott when descending the trainers' stand. Afterwards, while leaving the saddling-paddock with Mr. Brattan, he heard Scott, who was behind, abusing him, and directly afterwards, and quite unawares, Scott struck him from behind, and sent him staggering forward; at the same time Scott told him he would have him out of the ring.

In cross-examination, complainant said Mr. Barrington alleged he was a defaulter to him for £1075, but complainant denied that he owed this sum. There was now an action pending in the superior court, and complainant appealed to the Bench to prevent counsel putting fishing questions to him on the subject. Complainant admitted that Scott told him he had Mr. Barrington's instructions to stop him from running horses, but he denied that he begged Scott not to summon him before the stewards, or that he gave a promise that if Scott did not do so he would not run his horses. He admitted that after speaking with Scott he ran Sultan, but did not recollect, though would not swear, that before the alleged assault Scott complained of his breach of faith. The cause of Scott striking him was an old grudge. When Scott was his trainer he lent him £100, and he had to sell him up for it. He had been convicted of threatening to shoot a man, and had made a written apology for alleging that Sir George Chetwynd's horse was pulled at Sandown Park.

Mr. Brattan stated that when Scott joined him and complainant, Scott accused Smith of owing him money, and told him he had no right in the inclosure. He did not see Scott strike, but believed he pushed Smith. There was no violence used.

The case for the defence was that Scott came to Doncaster on behalf of Mr. Barrington to stop Smith running his horses. He told Smith his errand, and complainant tried to settle affairs, but, failing, begged of Scott not to summon him before the stewards, which Scott agreed on, Smith promising he would not run his horses. In spite of this promise, while Scott was away, Smith slipped his jockey into the weighing-room, and afterwards ran Sultan. When Scott returned Smith laughed at him. Scott complained of Smith's breach of faith, but he did not assault him.

The Bench fined Scott £1 and costs, amounting in all to £10 10s. 8d. Mr. Brattan, however, said he would not have his costs.

Puzzle was sold to Mr. Gee for 400gs after her victory in the Selling Sweepstakes at Newmarket on Tuesday.

Iowa.—We have fair quail-shooting from October to January; also duck-shooting in the spring and fall, as they migrate to and from the north. Last spring there were great quantities of English snipe killed, more than usual; a few turkeys, but no deer.

CORRECTION.—In a paragraph which appeared in our paper of last Saturday referring to a prospective sale of steeple-chasers it was stated that the horses were then the property of Mr. S. F. Upington. We have since learned that the gentleman named has had no interest in them for some time past. It is hardly necessary to state that the word "bankrupt" was inadvertently used, and we take the earliest opportunity of saying so.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN MOOR, OF LONGHIRST.—It is with regret we record the death of Mr. John Moor, of Longhirst, the popular secretary of the Bothal Coursing Club, who died very suddenly at an early hour on Friday morning. Mr. Moor was a farmer and butcher at Longhirst, but was principally known in connection with the Bothal Coursing Club. Under the able administration of the deceased the affairs of the club were for a long time in the most prosperous state, and its great open meeting in the month of October was the most important gathering of the kind in the northern district. The circumstances which conduced to the decline of the Bothal meeting need not be named here, and it will suffice to say that they were quite unconnected with Mr. Moor's management of the club's affairs. Few people enjoyed the winter sport with a keener relish than Mr. Moor, and he was seldom without one or two good useful dogs at Longhirst. Fact, Reality, and Multum in Parvo were all of this sort; and one or other of them seldom failed to turn up at the home meetings, as well as at Coquetdale, Kelso, Longtown, or Bellingham. A nomination in each of three stakes just closed for the Border Union (Longtown) Meeting is void by the decease of Mr. Moor.—Newcastle Chronicle.

THE CLOSING TRIP OF THE JUNIOR THAMES YACHT CLUB.

This club closed the yachting season on the Thames, at Greenhithe (the station of the club), with a trip and dinner on Wednesday, the 22nd ult.

In the absence of the commodore, Captain W. H. Roberts, on account of a domestic bereavement, and of the vice-commodores, Mr. J. Fradley and Captain Fellowes, R.E., from indisposition, the command devolved on the rear, Mr. W. Arnold, of L'Esperance yawl.

A good muster of yachts was anticipated; but a variety of circumstances, including the weather, were in opposition. However, at about 2.30 the following yachts got under way:—Marion, Sylvia, Snowflock, Arrow, Sally, &c.; and, after the customary salute to the flag (L'Esperance), proceeded down the river for a cruise, returning to the excellent fare provided by hostess Vitou at the clubhouse. Covers were laid for over twenty; but, from the unfortunate circumstances before alluded to, fourteen members and friends only were present at the dinner.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been duly honoured, the chairman (Mr. W. Arnold, R.C.), referring to the prosperity of the club, remarked that it gave him great pleasure to mention the increasing popularity, financial position, and success of the young club. Many new members had been elected, the balance in hand was satisfactory, and the season's sport had been an entire success, as evinced by the large entries for the various matches. An enjoyable evening having been spent, the members separated at an early hour.

It may not be generally known that the Junior Thames was instituted in 1871 solely for the encouragement of amateur yachtsmen. The crews of the yachts competing in all the matches are consequently composed of amateurs, one professional hand—who is strictly forbidden to steer—only being allowed to each vessel.

The Club List (issued in May) shows 289 members and fifty yachts belonging to the club. Many additions to both have been made since the commencement of the season.

Greenhithe possesses many peculiar advantages for a yachting station; a good, sheltered, and secluded anchorage, and the proximity of the clubhouse (White Hart Hotel) to the water and landing-place, is fully appreciated by the members.

We wish the Junior Thames Yacht Club every success.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.

We are (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) to see another contest for the title of Champion of the Thames before the year is over. J. Sadler had been acknowledged tacitly the best sculler of the day from the time that Renforth died in America in 1871, as Kelly had given up sculling and there was no one else to come forward. It was not, however, until April 10, 1874, that Sadler formally earned the title by defeating Bagnall, of Newcastle, in a match for the same over the usual course. Bagnall steered himself in that match in a way so palpably inferior to Sadler that it was not to be expected that he, at all events, would be likely again to try his luck. Sadler held his title undisputed for more than a year, and then thought of retiring. It was his announcement of this intention which induced the friends of R. Boyd, of Newcastle, to bring him out, and to match him for the championship rather sooner than they would otherwise have done.

Boyd, though only twenty-one, has already taken the lead of all Tyne professionals; and, in a match for a mile rowed against Sadler, early in the summer, on the Tyne, he beat the champion by just a few feet; but only by rowing so much faster a stroke than his opponent as to make it very problematical whether, if he could only go about the same pace as Sadler for a mile by dint of such a high-pressure stroke, he would have much chance against him over the long course from Putney to Mortlake, where the longer, slower stroke must tell. The match, however, has now been made for £200 a side, to come off on Nov. 15, and each man has gone into regular preparation.

Boyd had been fully trained in August last for his races at the Thames Regatta. What he wanted subsequently was rest, at first, more than hard work, for he was fine-drawn when the articles were signed for the match.

Sadler was by no means fully trained when he rowed in the Hammersmith four at the same regatta; but still he was so far in regular work that he did not require as long to prepare himself as would have been the case if he had been leading an idle life for months, and, as he was in a hurry to retire and settle down to business as a boat-builder, the match was set down to come off at a shorter notice than is usually the case with races of importance, especially championship matches. Sadler's style when he sculled against Bagnall was about as good as it could be—the best he has ever shown in any race. He rowed a longer stroke by far than any other waterman now does on a sliding seat, which was conducive to "staying," and yet he had also completely the speed of his opponent from the first stroke. Boyd, when he sculled with Lumsden in a double-sculling match last autumn against Biffen and Thomas, did not show such good style as Sadler; his stroke was shorter, he used too long a stretcher, slid rather too soon, and so did not row his stroke well out, nor sit up properly at the finish. When he rowed at the late Thames Regatta he seemed to be using a shorter stretcher than he had in his double-sculling match, and his style was decidedly better for it. He sculls a very rapid stroke, too rapid to be well rowed home and through, but he has youth and freshness all on his side, while Sadler is no longer as young as he was. If he could be as good as of old he would be still the best man, but as every day makes him older and further past his powers, the match promises to be unusually interesting, youth and freshness on one side against style and weight on the other side. The fact, also, of the men coming from the rival rivers of Thames and Tyne always adds to the interest, though it will hardly ever be again what it used to be when Kelly and Chambers used to meet.

The race will be rowed under the new rules of boat-racing, by which no "taking water" is allowed, each man having to keep his own course from first to last, and departing from it, even when leading, only at his peril. Under the old rules he who obtained a clear lead could take his opponent's water if he preferred it to his own. The umpire, also, in this match will have sole jurisdiction and power to start the men, and to disqualify either who is not ready to go when ordered, so that there is no fear of any such fiasco as occurred when Sadler would not start against Kelly five years ago, and which eventually led to legal proceedings for the recovery of the stakes.

LORD MAIDSTONE purchased Baronet (late Collingham) previous to the Maiden Hurdle-Race at Stafford on Tuesday.

BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.—The Brookside Harriers will have their opening meet on Thursday, Oct. 7, at Telscombe Tye, at eleven o'clock. The arrangements and appointments for the season will be the same as last year—viz., Mondays, Newmarket-hill; Thursdays, Telscombe Tye.

Correspondence.

The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

Sir,—In glancing over your admirable pages, just now, I was astonished to find that your chatty contributor, A. H. Doubleyew, in "By-the-Bye," displays a lack of "horsey" knowledge which would be pardonable in a writer for the *Family Herald* or the *Christian World*, but is simply incomprehensible in the columns of a sporting journal par excellence. Alluding to the match between Lord Huntingtower's four-in-hand and Colonel Copeland's "unicorn," he (unless I take an *grand serious*) that which your contributor intends for covert joking) pool-pools the affair as being as visionary as the "animal" driven by the winning whip! Surely, anyone who can distinguish between a splinter-bar and a martingale ought to know that the "unicorn" of the road is simply a leader and pair—and as common in London, at least, as the details of the Whitechapel "Mystery." I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

DOUBLE-THONG.

NEW HOLLAND, after his return from Doncaster, was indulged with a rest. He has been blistered on both forelegs, and not only will he be a non-starter for the Cesarewitch, but it is very unlikely that he will see the post for the Cambridgeshire either.

THE ALL-AGED SELLING STAKES AT DERBY.—The objection to the start for this race has been investigated by Messrs. H. Boden and E. H. Hoskins, acting respectively for Messrs. G. Payne and Savile, and, after the evidence had been heard, it was decided that the start was a fair one, and the objection is therefore overruled. Messrs. Payne and Savile, it may be added, entirely concur in this decision.

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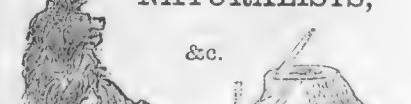
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4. CANDIDUS,
5. KHIIVA,
6. FIREBRAND, winner of Red Coat Stakes, New-port Pagnell, 1874.
7. AMY, winner of Ladies' Purse at Melton Mow-bray, 1875.
8. KATE, winner of Upper Ten Steeplechase, Kingsbury, 1875.
9. TALISMAN, by Harkforward dam, by Perion.
10. BLUE CAP.
11. WIRY SAL.

CHARGERS.

12. ONYX.
13. NEMESIS.
14. THE CZAR.

HARNESS HORSES.

15. CORPORAL MAJOR, { Phaeton Horses, winners of first prize at Islington, 1873.
16. CANNON BALL,
17. HORNBEAM,
18. HAWTHORN, { Road teamers.
19. HAZEL,
20. PUNCH,
21. KANGAROO, fast trotter.
22. POLLY, brougham mare.
23. GUINEA PIG, polo pony, good fencer, and goes in harness.

UNRESERVED SALE OF HUNTERS.
TO be SOLD by AUCTION, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, at BELHUS, Aveley, Essex, on THURSDAY, OCT. 7, the property of Sir Thomas Barrett Lennard, Bart., absolutely without any reserve whatever, TWENTY-EIGHT good HUNTERS, many of which are very fine weight-carriers, and several of which are perfect as hunters for ladies. At the sale the horses will be ridden, and will jump several fences. The horses are in hard work and nearly fit to go.

At the same time will be offered for sale, subject to very moderate reserve prices, about TWENTY LOTS of BLOOD STOCK, including ANNETTE, the dam of Lady Mostyn, and other valuable Brood Mares; a foal by Scottish Chief out of Annette, and other foals by Scottish Chief, Rosicrucian, Young Melbourne, &c.

Luncheon at 12.30, sale to begin at 1.30. Shelter will be provided in case of wet weather.

Belhus is four miles from Rainham, three miles from Purfleet, and five miles from Grays (all stations on London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway); and seven miles from Romford, on Great Eastern Railway. The train leaving Fenchurch-street Station at 10.50 will stop at Rainham on the day of sale.

The horses will be on show on Saturday, Oct. 2, Monday, Oct. 4, and on the morning of the sale day.

MIDDLE-WEIGHT HORSES,

Equal to from 11st to 1st.

NEWBRIDGE, bay gelding; has been driven in harness.

FAUNUS, bay gelding; has been regularly driven in single harness.

NOTTINGHAM, brown gelding; very handsome, would make a first-rate charger for a light-weight.

GRANSLABEG, chestnut gelding; carries a lady.

SHAUNGRAUN, grey gelding; carries a lady.

DUNOON, brown gelding; carries a lady.

MALLOW, black gelding; perfect as a lady's hunter, would make a charger for an officer in the Life Guards.

PATTERAN, chestnut gelding; carries a lady.

PLoughBOY, bay gelding; very clever, and a fine timber jumper.

AILEEN, chestnut mare, hunted in Kildare, very clever.

ONNA, bay mare, by Victor, dam by Lottery; a good hunter for a lady.

CASIMIR, chestnut gelding, by Cracow; well known in Essex.

DESMOND, chestnut gelding, by Theobald; a very fine goer, would be a very handsome horse as a charger.

MAGICIAN, chestnut gelding, by Mousley out of Sybil, by Augur; likely to win a steeplechase.

CASTAWAY, bay mare, by Outcast of Farnham's dam; winner of two steeplechases at Birmingham, 1875; perfect as a lady's hunter.

WEIGHT-CARRIERS.

PENDRAGON, bay gelding; an extraordinary horse, up to any possible weight; well known in Essex.

BALLYBAY, brown gelding; winner of the cup of £25 for the best weight-carrier hunted in Essex last season at Essex Agricultural Show, July, 1875.

BALLYNURSE, grey gelding; suitable for a nervous, heavy man.

THE BARON, brown gelding; has been driven in harness; well known in Essex.

THE PRESIDENT, chestnut gelding, by Coup d'Etat; a very fine fencer, and would make a charger for a heavy man.

THE NUGGET, chestnut mare, by Gin (son of Orlando); winner of the Belhus Cup, 1876, a hunt steeplechase, three miles over a bank country.

ANALORE, grey gelding; very handsome, has been ridden as a charger, is a perfect hunter for a lady.

LAVENDER, bay mare; very clever.

FINGALL, bay gelding; perfect as a hunter for a lady, or for a nervous, heavy man.

WALESBY, bay gelding; very handsome, would be a very fine charger for a heavy man.

M'MAHON, bay gelding, by Gamekeeper, dam by Freney; a very fine fencer, and would make a charger for a heavy man.

THE RECTOR, by Rapid Rhone; perfect as a lady's hunter.

GORDON, grey gelding; perfect as a lady's hunter.

BLOOD STOCK.

The stallion FENMAN, bay horse, 7 years old, by Mylou of Seylla, by Alarm; he has great bone and power, and is a magnificent goer.

YEARLINGS.

BAY FILLY, by Young Melbourne out of Alice Maud, by Arthur Wellesley out of Royalty, by Bay Middleton—Hoyle, by Tomboy.

BAY COLT, by Victorious out of Yellow Rose (Yellow Boy's dam), by Old Calabar out of Rosebud, by Astolfo, her dam The Maid of Avon, by Defence.

BROWN COLT, by Mainstone out of Spes, by Stockwell out of Pandora, by Cotherstone—Polydora, by Priam.

FOALS.

BAY COLT, by Young Melbourne out of Lovebird, by Newminster out of Psyche, by Lancastor.

BAY COLT, by Young Melbourne out of Queen Mary, by Dundee out of Furbelow, by Cotherstone.

BAY FILLY, by Typhoeus out of Mainhatch, by Mainstone out of Alice Maud.

CHESTNUT FILLY, by Scottish Chief out of Annette (Lady Mostyn's dam), by Scythian (son of Orlando) out of Alice Carnal (Umpire's dam).

BAY COLT (own brother to Evensong), by Mainstone out of Matins, by The Hero out of Vigil, by Bay Middleton.

BAY FILLY, by Mainstone out of Vera Cruz, by Lord of the Isles out of Redemption (own sister to Fitz-Roland), by Orlando out of Stamp, by Emilius.

BROWN FILLY, by Rosicrucian out of Arolite, by Thunderbolt out of Miss Hind, by Jericho.

BAY FILLY, by Scottish Chief out of Pharmacopœia, by The Cure out of Redbreast, by Redshank out of Lady Day, by St. Hubert—Care by Woful.

BROOD MARES.

LOVEBIRD, by Newminster out of Psyche, by Lancastor out of Queen of Beauty, by The Sadriller; covered by Prince Charlie.

ANNEITE, the dam of Lady Mostyn, by Scythian (a son of Orlando) out of Alice Carnal (Umpire's dam); covered by Fenman.

MATINS (Evensong's dam), by The Hero out of Vigil, by Bay Middleton out of Cruiser's dam, by Little Red Rover; covered by Restitution.

QUEEN MARY, by Dundee out of Furbelow, by Cotherstone; covered by Albert Victor.

VERA CRUZ, by Lord of the Isles out of Redemption (sister to Fitz Roland), by Orlando out of Stamp, by Emilius; covered by Albert Victor.

MAINHATCH, by Mainstone out of Alice Maud, by Arthur Wellesley out of Royalty, by Bay Middleton; covered by Prince Charlie.

YELLOW ROSE (Yellowboy's dam), by Old Calabar out of Rosebud, by Astolfo, her dam The Maid of Avon, by Defence; covered by Rosicrucian.

SPES, by Stockwell out of Pandora, by Cotherstone out of Polydora, by Priam; covered by Joskin.

FOR PRIVATE SALE, at SHEPHERD'S-BUSH and HIGHFIELD HALL, ST. ALBANS, several STALLIONS, adapted for the Colonies, thoroughbred, with bone and substance and free from hereditary blemishes; and upwards of Thirty valuable thoroughbred BROOD MARES, several of them with foals by their sides, and all covered by good thoroughbred horses—viz., Joskin, the sire of Plebeian; Suffolk, the sire of Fakenham Ghost; Le Marchal, by Monarque, the sire of Christopher Sly and other winners; Costa, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes, sire of Clearwell and other winners; The Warrior, sire of Amazon, Winslow, Rupert, &c.—For further particulars, price, &c., apply to Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert-gate.

ALDRIDGE'S, London.—Established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every Wednesday and Saturday, at 11 o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The Sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses from Jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from Noblemen and Gentlemen, new and secondhand Carriages, Harness, &c. W. and S. FREEMAN.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. GREYHOUNDS.—THIS DAY, SATURDAY, OCT. 2, will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, the property of Fred. Powers, Esq., of Biggleswade, who is giving up coursing, his well-known KENNEL of GREYHOUNDS, comprising the stud dogs Primate, Premier, Pevensey, brood bitches Peep-o'-Day, Present, Pensive, and Winsome Lass; also second and first season Puppies, and Saplings. For particulars see catalogues. W. and S. FREEMAN.

CARRINGTON-MEWS, Mayfair.—Lease of Premises and Jobmaster's Stock.—Messrs. W. and S. FREEMAN (proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane) are instructed by the Executors of the late Mr. John Ife, of 9, Carrington-mews, Mayfair, to offer for SALE by Public AUCTION, without reserve, at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane, on SATURDAY, OCT. 9, 1875, at 2 o'clock, the desirable and valuable LEASE of the PREMISES, 9, Carrington-mews, Mayfair, 10-stall stable, coach-houses, lofts, &c., extensive vaults, all in good repair, with the Goodwill of the old-established Job, Letting, and Livery Business, and the whole working stock of 23 horses, on advantageous yearly and other jobs, 19 yard and spare horses, now in regular work, 6 capital broughams, landau, waggonette, double and single harness, horse clothing, &c. Particulars and conditions of sale, with catalogues of stock, of William Day, Esq., Solicitor, 1, Queen-street, Mayfair; on the premises; and at Aldridge's, St. Martin's-lane. W. and S. FREEMAN.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. GREYHOUNDS.—ON SATURDAY, OCT. 16, 1875, will be SOLD by public AUCTION, without reserve, the property of F. R. Hemming, Esq., his whole KENNEL of GREYHOUNDS, including Peasant Boy, Pretender, Slat Dresser, Magenta, Belle of Holywell, Seaforth, and eight first season dogs. Full particulars in catalogues. W. and S. FREEMAN.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's-lane. WYCOMBE COACH HORSES.—ON WEDNESDAY, OCT. 13, will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, without reserve, the Horses, which have been working the Wycombe Coach. They are mostly young, well-bred Horses, showing much quality, and comprise several well-known Hunters, Hacks, and Harness Horses. Further particulars in Catalogues. WILLIAM and STEWART FREEMAN, Proprietors.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

MR. RY MILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &

HORSES FOR SALE. The ASHURST LODGE COMPANY, Dealers in Horses,

Langton, Tunbridge Wells, have always ON SHOW a Large and Choice Selection of Well-Seasoned, Highly-Trained Hacks, Hunters, Harness Horses, and Cobs, selected with the greatest care and judgment from the principal fairs and breeders, the Company having retained the services of some of the most experienced buyers in the country.

Langton is under four miles from Tunbridge Wells. Constant Trains from Charing-cross and London Bridge. Cabs meet all Trains.

ELKINGTON and CO., PATENTEE OF THE ELECTRO PLATE, MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, FINE-ART METAL WORKERS, &c., Beg to caution the public against forged and deceptive marks used by nefarious manufacturers to induce the sale of inferior qualities of electro plate. All goods manufactured by Elkington and Co. are distinctly stamped with their marks.

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22, REGENT-STREET, LONDON;

City House, 45, Moorgate-street, E.C.;

25, Church-street, Liverpool;

St. Ann's-square, Manchester;

Manufactury, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

CROYDON OCTOBER MEETING, 1875, will take place on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, OCT. 19 and 20.

Under the Newmarket and Grand National Hunt Rules.

The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, or the Clerk of the Course, on or before Tuesday next, Oct. 5.

FIRST DAY.

A MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE of 5 sovs each, 2 ft to the second horse, with 40 sovs added, for colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb, which have never won 50 sovs up to the time of entry; any subsequent winner to carry 10lb extra.

A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP of 50 sovs, for two-year-olds, added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs each for runners; the winner to be sold by auction for 100 sovs, and any surplus to be divided between the owner of the second horse and the fund; any winner after the publication of the weights () to carry 7lb extra;

A MAIDEN HURDLE-RACE of 10 sovs each, 3 ft. with 40 sovs added, three-year-olds, 10st 10lb; four, 12st; five and upwards, 12st 5lb; that have never won a hurdle-race value 20 sovs. The winner to be sold by auction for 500 sovs, and any surplus to be divided between the owner of the second horse and the fund; if entered to be sold for 200 sovs, allowed 5lb; and if for 100 sovs, 10lb. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

A MAIDEN HURDLE-RACE of 10 sovs each, 3 ft. with 40 sovs added, three-year-olds, 10st 10lb; four, 12st; five and upwards, 12st 5lb; that have never won a hurdle-race value 20 sovs. The winner to be sold by auction for 500 sovs, and any surplus to be divided between the owner of the second horse and the fund; if entered to be sold for 200 sovs, allowed 5lb; and if for 100 sovs, 10lb. One mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles.

In all races at this meeting three horses the property of different owners to run, or the added money will be withheld.

STEWARDS.

Lord MARCUS BERESFORD, Sir WM. THROCKMORTON.

Lord CHARLES INNES, TON, Bart.

Sir GEO. CHETWYND, Colonel COTTON.

Mr. J. F. VERRALL, T. V. MORGAN, Esq.

Mr. J. F. CLARK, Newmarket, Judge.

SECRETARIES.

Mr. J. F. VERRALL, The Mulberries, Denmark-hill, London, S.E., Clerk of the Course and Handicapper.

Mr. T. M. GEORGE, Newark-on-Trent, Starter.

Mr. J. F. CLARK, Newmarket, Judge.

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AWAY WITH A GOOD CUB. DRAWN BY MISS G. BOWERS.

MR. ANDREW O'ROURKE'S RAMBLINGS.
OUT OF TOWN.

FETTER-LANE, LONDON, Sept. 27, 1875.

Me Dear Mike.—I'll tell you all that happened while I was out of town, an I'll have you to say behind me back what you like about me, as long as you don't make anny remark ayther before me face or be lether.

I tuck tay wud the widdy Hasely the fust evening I was in Leamington. As soon as we were done she axed me to come out an see her garden, which I accordingly did. The garden was a long narrow strip of ground sot wud potatoes, an cabbages, an gooseberries, an other flowers an plants, an at the end was a kind of summer-house med be inveigling banes to crawl over the hoops of an ould barrel. In this summer-house was two chairs of green sticks an iron and two of the most unraisable an inconvenyment knobs I ever sat on. But knobs is of small account in memory of that summer-house.

Well, meself an Mrs. Hasely sat down on the chairs, an she opened her mind to me about her son's ridiculous nonsense in falling in love at his age, an wud the responsibilities of herself an the two girls on his back. As far as the back went it wasn't able for much, but that's nayther here nor there. I tould the poor woman I'd do all I could for her, an thry to overpersuade the omadhawn of a son to break off the ridiculous nonsense, an then I sez, "Mrs. Hasely, do you go in now an send him to me an I'll see what I can do."

She gev me her blessin an went into the house. In a few minnits the wake-minded-lookin gorsoon kem wandherin down the garden as if he was afther dhroppin a sixpenny bit an didn't know which side of the walk it fell at.

When he got into the summer-house an the two of us was sittin side be side I sez,

"An how are you, Neddie?"

"Awful bad," he makes answer, turnin his sorrowful face to me, an lookin at me like a dirty plaster of Paris image wud a coul in its eyes.

"How, me poor child?" I axes, rubbin down his arm, an thryin to cheer him wud a wink.

"Oh! I don't know. But awful bad. When Nellie isn't here nothin looks anything; an when she's here annything seems everything." He began rubbin the palms of his poor thin hands together until I thought he'd set them afire.

"I know," sez I, "exactly what you feel. It's a great credit to you. But you can't live on credit."

"No; but she can come here an live wud me mother an sisters, an we'll all be so happy. I want us all to be photographed here at the back of the house, wud Juno the dog sittin on the steps. We would look a happy family, I'm sure."

"Yes," sez I, "but that would be in the open air. How would you all look in the house?"

"She's so lovely, an good, an useful. She can do nearly anything you'd plaze to mention, from makin puddins to playin on the piano."

"Dear me, but she is a jewel," sez I in a soft voice. "But jewels isn't the makins of puddins, an where is the makin of the puddins to come frum?"

He looked up in me face wud an expression like the lawyers look up wud to honest people out of where they go to in the other world, an he cries, "Oh, you're not goin to be agen me. All the rest of them is agen me. But you're not goin to be agen me. You know what it is to be in my condition. Out of fellow-feelin say a good word for a chap, dear uncle."

"Look here Neddie," sez I, in a manful voice, "I come of decent people, the O'Rourkes of Glenary, an I was christened Andy, and it will be handier if you call me Andy."

As I spoke them words he leps up and cries out, in a waverin voice, "Here she is. Here's me Nellie. Look at her comin down the path. Ain't she beautiful?"

An, Mike, be the powdhers of war, she was mordal party comin down the walk wud her little straw hat in her little white hand, an her brown hair blowin about, an her face shinin all over wud blushes an happiness. Afther all, Mike, the fool wasn't such an ijut, an it wud be hard to match her in a day's walk.

Neddie introduced me, an after a few words of talk widdout manin or sense I tould him to go into the house an see if he could find a wooden brandin-iron or two, and I'd take care of Nellie while he was away. He wandhered up the garden walk wablin from side to side an lookin at the ground like a man undher sentence of death choosin where he'd have his grave dug.

Nellie an meself sat down, an the longer we sat the less I wondhered at Neddie's throuble. She was so bright, an fresh, an gay that if I was ony as great a fool as he was I wouldn't mind makin an ijut of meself about her.

"An tell me," sez I, in a fathery tone of voice, "how did it come on between you?"

"Oh," sez she, getting red as a rose all over, "I can't remember. We know wan another a long time, an he liked me an—an—I couldn't see him so miserable, an—an—that was how it was."

"Dear me!" sez I, thryng to look like my poor ould grandfather, an feelin for all the world like me poor ould grandfather's grandson. "But, Nellie, he's very young and you're very young. Now, don't you think you'd be doin him a kindness if you was to say you'd like to wait awhile? What do you think of sayin this time twelvemonths?"

She looks at me, and, be me conskins, something very like tears kem in her eyes; but she never said a word. Me heart melted, Mike; an, takin her hand, I said, in a soothin voice,

"There, dear; there! I won't say another word about it now. But tell me, are you very fond of him?"

"Very," she whispers.

"Show me," sez I, "be pressin me hand, how fond you are of him."

After she had done it, I sez,

"So bad as that? Oh, then it's all over, I'm afeard; I didn't think it was so bad as that."

The print of her fingers was across the back of me hand in an white.

I med up me mind to say no more fur the time; and just then out comes Neddie, wud a toastin-fork in wan hand and a clothes-brush in the other, sayin they were the nearest things to wooden brandin-irons he could find. Wud that we walked into the house, an after awhile I went back to me hotel. Before I left we med an agreement for the next day to go an see wan of the great sights in the neighbourhood—Warwick Castle.

When I got back I sat down an wrote a long letter to the widdy, telling her of all I seen an done, an saying that, though I didn't seem to change the mind of ayther of the young people much, I was in good hopes. I also tould her that, in all me life, I never met a sweether or more nicely-mannered girl than Nellie; an that I didn't judge her to be more than eighteen years of age, an slight fur even that time of life.

Little I thought when I wrote that letter—little I thought when I posted it—what would come of it! Mike, we never can be sure of anything in this life till we're dead!

The next day we all drove in a carriage to Warwick Castle, which is only about two miles frum Leamington. It

was a lovely sunshiny day, wud the birds singin like as if they were wrastlin for prizes. Wud regard to the business I had to thry to do, I thought it best to keep the two young people as much asundher as ever I could. Therefore I med Neddie sit up wud the dhriver, an Mrs. Hasely an her two young daughters sat on the back seat, and Nellie and meself sat on the front wan. I don't know when I spent so pleasant a day, and the more pleasant I felt the more I seemed to see how bad it would be for everywan if that boy marred Nellie.

Warwick Castle is a fine ould buildin of them anchint days when men didn't seem to care much about lives, as long as they were otherpeople's. We were shown all kinds of wandhers. Among the rest a punch-bowl med of brass an copper. It would hould enough to make a regment of militia party dhrunk; but I don't think it would be much use to more than a company an a half of saisoned vetherns. We seen the armour of wan Guy, Earl of Warwick; an no wandler they called him Guy, for he was over eight foot high, an ate in proportion. Among a few such as him the punch-bowl wouldn't hould long. A dark-bearded man brought us through a lot of fine rooms wud tables, an chairs, an flower-pots, an crame-ewers, an pictures, and lookin-glasses, an bedsteads worth thousands of pounds aich. What I couldn't help thinkin the whole time was that whenever the family of the man that owns the castle has a fight there'll be a power of harm done, an very poor satisfaction fur it. There's a beautiful view frum the top of the castle, an lovely flowers all round it. But, Mike, the nicest view I saw all that day an the prettiest flower in all the place was Nellie. Of course, I acted on principle, an kept the two as much asundher as ever I could; an the ony way I could think of fur doin this was to make Nellie lane on me arm.

We did not get back to the Widdy Hasely's house until evenin, fur afther layin the castle we tuk a dhrive on the road to Banbury.

Afther tay, havin still in mind me business, I wance more med Nellie sit in the banes wud me, while I giv Neddie a newspaper to read, be way of consolin his mind an helpin to take it off her. The raisen why women hates newspapers so much, Mike, is because they take men's minds so much off themselves. You never yet seen a man put down a paper an kiss a woman immajately, barrin he was a marred man an afraid not.

Well, as soon as we were wance more in the banes I began gently thryin to make Nellie take a sensible observation of what she was thinkin of doin. I tould her she was young an he was young, an that two young people marryin was the highth of foolishness. I thried to make her see that Neddie was far too young to take care of wan like her; and, wuddout sayin a word agen the boy, I let her into me mind a bit about what I thought of him.

The sates was very low, and she was lanin forward. I put me hand on her shoulder now an then when I wanted her to pay particular attention to what I was sayin. At last me hand got a greater habit of restin on her shoulder than amny where else, an in the end it fell off her shoulder, through wakeness, an strove to cover her red sash, which was hurting me eyes.

Just as I was beginnin to think I was gettin on purty well an makin an impression on her mind be me arguments, the doore of the house opened, a stout woman stud at it fur a minnit, then threw up her arms, gev three awful screeches, an full down in a heap.

I jumped up an ran as hard as I could, cryin out to Nellie, "Come and help Mrs. Hasely, there's something amiss wud her!"

Mike, I lave it to yourself to think how I felt when I got to the door, lifted the woman, an found it was the widdy Hill an not the widdy Hasely!

Me hand has got so shaky at the thought of what I then felt that I can write no more now.

Your lovin cousin, ANDY O'ROURKE.

To Michael Crotty, Esq., South King-street, Dublin.

A "FIRST" DRAMATIC SEASON IN TORONTO, CANADA.

PREVIOUS to the close of the year 1874 this city was singularly innocent of a dramatic history. There was a small theatre, called the Lyceum, which catered for the public partial to the "sensational," but the "fire-fiend" took possession, and even this small joy was gone.

During 1873 and 1874 Mrs. Morrison (an actress well known on this continent as Charlotte Nickinson) succeeded in forming a company of influential citizens, the result of which was the erection of a very handsome theatre, called the Grand Opera-House, fitted up in a manner rivalling many of the best theatres in England. This was opened in October, 1874, and commenced its reign with great promise.

The first great success was scored on Nov. 25, when that charming actress Miss Neilson appeared for three nights in her magnificent impersonations of Juliet, Rosalind, and Beatrice, on each night the house being crowded to excess with the élite of Toronto and the neighbourhood, who assembled to greet the accomplished actress.

Midsummer Night's Dream was produced as a Christmas piece with tolerable success, the mounting and dressing being good.

On Jan. 8 the Ilma de Murska Company gave a grand concert here, which was a most delectable treat from every point of view, artistic and pecuniary, the house being crowded.

The next to arrive on the scene was Mr. Frederick Robinson, who hails from Sadler's Wells. He appeared with success in a round of Shakspearean characters, and concluded his engagement by impersonations of Jack Poyntz and Hugh Chalcote in T. W. Robertson's comedies of *School* and *Ours*.

The next was a fall from tragedy to burlesque—from the "sublime to the ridiculous." The Sisters Weathersbys treated us to a revival of *Aladdin, Enchanting Beauty*, &c., with great success.

Miss Julia Seaman was the next star, and a very worthy one. She appeared in the *Woman in Red*, *Leah*, *East Lynne*, and, for her benefit, essayed the difficult character of Hamlet, with very marked success. The patronage extended to this lady was not so liberal as her merit deserved, arising principally from the fact that she was unknown; but she may rest assured that the impression made during this engagement will be a passport to success should she ever visit this city again.

Prior to these last engagements Miss Carlotta Leclercq appeared, sustaining the principal characters in *Mary Warner*, *New Magdalene*, *Leah*, *East Lynne*, &c., with very pleasing results. So pronounced was the success of Miss Neilson's last engagement that the management, in spite of the great expenses (seventy per cent of the profits, I think), made a new engagement for three nights, which was extended to nine, thereby enabling the production of a more extended list of impersonations. Her répertoire consisted of Juliet, Rosalind, Beatrice, Julia in the *Hunchback*, Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, and Isabella in Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure*.

As was fully expected, the announcement of the production of *Measure for Measure* attracted one of the largest audiences ever congregated in a theatre in this city. The play has been carefully pruned and revised, so that whilst eliminating many of the

objectionable passages interwoven in some of the best of the lines, the text has been preserved, leaving it practically unimpaired.

The crowning success was reached on her "benefit" or "farewell performance night," when she played Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, Mr. J. H. Barnes filling with great success the rôle of Claude Melnotte. Never was enthusiasm (which is almost too feeble a word to express the feelings of the audience) worked up to such a frenzy. Long before eight o'clock every seat in the house was occupied, all standing-room was taken up, and during the whole evening people lingered in the passage waiting for an opportunity to crowd in. In all sorts of positions were they perched, on the window-sills and doors, striving to obtain a glimpse of the scene. Time after time was Miss Neilson called before the curtain, amidst a perfect shower of floral offerings," the stage being literally covered; and, in addition, two cages decked with flowers, containing singing canaries, were presented to her; also her initial letter formed in natural flowers. Never have I witnessed such an ovation in any theatre in England. In response to a last call, she said farewell, in the following words:—

"She felt that she might well address those before her as dear friends, for she saw in each truly a friend. She should cherish the memory of that night and the beautiful gift of the canaries until the frosts of age descended upon her. Soon an ocean would divide her from those before her, but, in the words of Juliet, she would say, 'Stay but a little; I will come again soon.'" And she retired amidst a thunder of applause which will never be forgotten by those who were present.

In all the plays presented, Mr. J. H. Barnes contributed in a very large degree to the success of the engagement by the very earnest and faithful manner in which he sustained the characters of Romeo, Orlando, Benedict, &c., excelling most undoubtedly in that of Claude Melnotte. So great a favourite had he become (especially with the ladies) that an engagement was made with him to produce a number of modern comedies. He appeared as Manuel in the *Romance of a Poor Young Man*, Tom Gilroy in *Partners for Life*, Lionel Leverett in *Old Soldiers*, and also in the *Happy Pair*, with very pleasing success.

On April 20 Dion Boucicault's new play of the *Shaughraun* was produced with great success, the mounting of the play being particularly good.

Mrs. Rousby followed, opening on the 27th in the character of Lady Elizabeth in Tom Taylor's *Twixt Axe and Crown*. Her rendering of this character was greatly admired, her stateliness and beauty, and the natural ease with which she endowed the character, gaining for her a most enthusiastic reception. In addition, she played Julia in the *Hunchback*, Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and Pauline in the *Lady of Lyons*, in all of which characters, by careful and truthful acting, the total absence of stage trick or artifice, and the ease and simplicity of her manner, she won her way in the esteem and admiration of the audience. The house was crowded during the whole week, and the frequency of the calls before the curtain and the abundance of flowers which she was presented with must have been gratifying to her in the extreme. Mr. Barnes supported her, making particular impression by his acting of Edward Courtney.

Then comes the inimitable J. L. Toole, supported by Mr. W. Herbert and Miss Eliza Johnstone. His répertoire is so long and so well known that it is almost needless to name any particular character. His Artful Dodger was particularly relished, and so was his Serjeant Buzfuz. It is impossible to make any mention as to how he played this or that character, for they were played as only Toole can play them. He made many friends here, who will be glad to see him again when he is disposed to again visit this continent. Crowded houses during the whole engagement.

The Louise Kellogg English opera troupe appeared next, producing in a very fine manner the operas *Martha*, *Mignon*, *Bohemian Girl*, and *The Talisman*, receiving during the whole week very liberal patronage.

The last engagement of the season was the Emily Soldene troupe, who presented the comic operas of *The Grand Duchess*, *Geneviève de Brabant*, *Chilpéric*, and *Madame Ango's Daughter*. The success of this company was not so pronounced as the previous "star" engagements, the reasons for which, I surmise, are many. It was rather late in the year (being in May), for one reason; and another was an increased price-list, which had the effect of keeping many away who would otherwise have been present.

This ends the first season at the Grand, all mention of stock productions or unknown talent from the States having been omitted.

At the rival house, the Royal Opera (built upon the ruins of the "Old Lyceum"), there is not much to note, the engagements being principally of actors of the sensational type, hailing in the main from the other side (as the States are called).

There have been a few engagements at this house of actors whose names are not unknown in the "dramatic world." For instance, Katherine Randolph, who appeared as Galatea in *Pygmalion and Galatea*; Wybert Reeve and Ada Stanhope (from the Scarborough Theatre), in Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White*; and T. C. King, in his tragic impersonations.

For the season 1875 and '6 the "Grand" has published their list of engagements, which bespeaks a continuance of those brilliant theatre nights we so happily and frequently experienced last season. Amongst the names of "stars" engaged are Edwin Booth, Barry Sullivan, George Belmore, Julia Matthews's troupe, and the Italian Opera, including Mdlle. Titien and Herr Wachtel.

So closes my review of a "first dramatic" season in Toronto, a match for which in talent, during one season, it will be difficult to find in the theatrical history of any city in England.

Toronto, Sept. 9.

GREGOR N. ROSSIM.

DARING FEATS.—The latest acrobatic sensation took place at the Crystal Palace on Thursday week, when Signor Gregorini, attired to represent Jove the Thunderer, wielding the weapons of that deity and discharging an enormous thunderbolt, made a daring descent along a wire rope extending from the top of the lofty north tower (250 ft. high), alighting at the grand centre basin, a distance of over 1700 ft., finishing amidst a blaze of mimic lightning and a volley of a hundred gigantic shells. He will repeat the feat on successive firework nights, and, if we mistake not, his performance is destined to attract thousands to the Crystal Palace during the ensuing month. Yet another extraordinary performance on the same day was a wonderful leap by "Little Bob," of the clever Midget Hanlons (now performing at the Crystal Palace), from the highest bar to the net, a distance of nearly 50 ft.—a feat which fitly closed the most daring and elegant acrobatic entertainment which has ever delighted the British public, and which is daily attracting increasing numbers to the palace.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcule," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retailed everywhere.—[ADVR.]

Coaching.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COACHING, WITH ANECDOTES OF THE ROAD.

By LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

TRAVELLING by road in Ireland was and is very different to what it was and is in England. The mail and stage coaches were similar to the English ones, were well horsed, and kept their time very regularly. Occasionally "a frolicsome baste," or "rake bit of blood who won the plate at the Curragh," would start off at a tremendous pace, upset the "drag," the driver assuring the passengers that they were the "quietest craythunes in Ireland," adding, "I'll give it ye, ye bastes, ye venomous sarpints, when I get ye home." The harness, too, was often a little the worse for wear, having so often been mended with string and rope that in descending a hill it would break into "smithereens," and now and then, when whisky was in the ascendant, the jeju was so venturesome that in descending a hill he would come to grief. After a time the public cars introduced by M. Bianconi displaced the regular coaches. In form they resembled the common outside jaunting-car, but were calculated to hold from twelve to sixteen persons. They were admirably horsed, had steady drivers, the team generally consisting of three horses, who travelled at the rate of seven Irish miles an hour, equivalent to nine English miles, the fares averaging twopence a mile. They were open cars, but a huge leather apron afforded protection from showers of rain, which are so prevalent in the sister isle. Post-chaises, which are now nearly extinct, were awful conveyances. I have a very lively impression of a journey from Cork to Dublin some fifty years ago in these vehicles, the one furnished by the proprietor of the Imperial Hotel, Cork (then, and I believe now, an excellent hôtel de ville) which took me the first stage, was clean and comfortable; not so those that followed. Springs they appeared to have none; or, if they had, they were so covered with rope that there was no elasticity left in them. They rattled worse than any fire-engine. The roof was so dilapidated and the windows so broken that, except for the honour of the thing, you might as well have had no covering at all; the harness came to pieces whenever "Paddy" gave his horses a spurt, and the cattle were "divels to go." So disagreeable did I find the journey in a post-chaise that at Youghal I engaged a car, and prosecuted my journey to Dublin in cars. Persons who have never travelled in Ireland in these conveyances can have a very inadequate idea of the ready wit of the drivers. It has been admirably well told by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, from whose work on the scenery and character of Ireland I quote the following:—"Someone told story of a fellow who, on grumbling at the shilling gratuity at his journey's end, said, in a sly undertone, 'Faith, it's not putting me off with this ye'd be if ye knew but all.' The traveller's curiosity was excited. 'What do you mean?' 'Oh, faix! that ud be telling.' Another shilling was tendered. 'And now,' asked the gentleman, 'what do you mean by saying if ye knew but all?' 'That I driv yer honour the last three miles without a linchpin!' 'Will I pay the pike or drive at it, plase your honour?' was the exclamation of a driver to his passenger as he suddenly drew up a few yards from the turnpike gate. When an assistant Poor-Law Commissioner first visited Cork, the coach by which he arrived set him down next door to the Imperial hotel, his place of destination. Not being aware of this fact, he ordered a car and gave his direction to the driver. The fellow conducted him round the town and through various streets and lanes, and, after an hour's driving, placed him at the hotel entrance, demanding and receiving a sum of five shillings, which his victim considered a reasonable charge. A few minutes afterwards he discovered the trick that had been played upon him. One of the richest characters of the class we encountered on the road from Ross to Wexford; he told us how he got his first situation. 'The master had two beautiful English horses, and he wanted a careful man to drive them; he was a mighty pliant gentleman, and loved a joke. Well, there was as many as fifteen after the place, and the first that went up to him 'Now, my man,' says he; 'tell me,' says he, 'how near the edge of a precipice would you undertake to drive my carriage?' So the boy considered, and he says, says he, 'Within a foot, plase your honour, and no harm.' 'Very well,' says he, 'go down, I'll give ye yer answer, by-and-by.' So the next came up, and said he'd be bound to carry 'em within half a foot; and the next said five inches; and another—a dandyfied chap intirely—was so mighty nice, that he would drive it within 'three inches and a half, he'd go bail.' Well, at last my turn came, and when his honour axed me how nigh I would drive his carriage to a precipice, I said, says I, 'Plaze, yer honour, I'd keep as far off it as I could.' 'Very well, Misster Byrne,' says he: 'you're my coachman,' says he. 'Och! the roar there was in the kitchen whin I went down and tould the joke.' I heard a good story of the philanthropic Peabody, who, though princely in his liberality, did not like to be imposed upon. Upon one occasion he resisted an exorbitant demand, and only gave the car-driver his proper fare! 'Bedad!' said the man; 'they may call you Mr. Paybody, but I call you Mr. Paynobody.'

The Irish car is so peculiar and characteristic an institution that a brief sketch of the author of the system may not be here out of place. Mr. Chas. Bianconi, a native of Milan, came over to Ireland in the year 1800, and set up at Clonmel as a picture-dealer. Struck with the want of accommodation that existed between the various towns of the district, an idea entered his head of remedying the deficiency by introducing a new conveyance. He had heard that Derrick, in 1760, had been compelled to set out on horseback on a journey from Cork to Killarney, there being no public carriage to be had in the city of Cork. Between that period and 1800 no great improvement had taken place; so the enterprising Italian, who had saved some money, started a car between Clonmel and Cahir. After struggling for some time against all the difficulties that ever attend a new scheme, after inciting the people to abandon their indifference, to conquer their prejudices, he so far succeeded as to enable him to run others to Limerick and Thurles. The public, hitherto apathetic, were roused into action; the new scheme met with universal patronage; soon Bianconi's name was uppermost in everyone's thoughts; the double cars increased to nearly fifty in number, travelling daily over nearly 4000 miles. These vehicles were so constructed as to carry numerous passengers and a large amount of luggage; they were all built at the inventors' factory at Clonmel; they travelled at the rate of six to nine statute miles an hour, and were admirably well adapted for all who journeyed for business or pleasure. For tourists they were invaluable, as from the cars extensive views of the country might be seen; moreover, the driver was always so full of genuine fun that he enlivened the whole journey with his quaint Milesian sayings. Generally, too, he was well acquainted with the locality, and would tell amusing anecdotes of the occupiers of the stately mansions in the neighbourhood and of their humbler neighbours. The rail has in a great measure driven cars off the road, but they are still to be had at all the principal towns and at almost every village in

Ireland. The wit of the drivers is not at all deteriorated, and the cattle they drive are first-rate. Upon a recent occasion I engaged a car at Inistioge, in the county of Kilkenny, from one Mr. Capin, to take me to New Ross; the distance is nearly ten English miles, and the driver, who had an eye for the picturesque, insisted upon taking me one way and bringing me back another; and from the time I left until my return I was kept in a fit of laughter. Upon dismissing "Paddy" I asked him what I had to pay. "Five shillings, yer honour, for the car, and whatever you plaze for the driver." "But if I plaze to give you nothing?" "Well, then, yer honour, I'll be perfectly satisfied, as you are such a credit to the car." A good story is told of a car-driver who was conveying a tourist through a most picturesque part of Ireland, when all of a sudden the "baste" began to kick, and showed evident symptoms of going faster down a hill than the unfortunate occupier of the car approved of. "Don't whip him, driver, or you'll make him run away." "Bedad, yer honour, ye needn't be afraid of that. He's a raaal sojer, and 'ud sooner die than run away." I must now take leave of Ireland and return to England.

I have already referred to the numerous accidents that occurred on the road to stage and mail coaches, and could fill a volume with casualties caused by overturns, violent driving, horses proceeding miles without drivers, coachmen, low gateways, overloading, breaking down, and racing. One of the most memorable events connected with racing occurred in 1820, when Thomas Perdy and George Butler were charged at the Hertford Assizes with the wilful murder of William Hart, who was thrown off the Holyhead mail, of which Perdy was the driver, and which had been upset by the Chester mail, of which Butler was the driver. The grand jury having thrown out the bill for the capital offence, they were tried on a charge of manslaughter. Two witnesses who were suffering severely from the accident deposed to the following effect:—Mr. Archer, a respectable bootmaker, of Cheapside, London, stated that he sat on the box with the prisoner Perdy. When the coach arrived at that part of the road beyond Highgate where a junction is formed between the Archway-road and the old Highgate-road, the Chester mail came up. Both coachmen began to whip their horses and put them into a gallop and drove abreast of each other at a furious rate for a considerable distance, when the driver of the Chester mail slackened the pace of his horses, and seemed conscious of the impropriety of his conduct; but, however, when the coaches approached towards St. Albans, and had arrived at the hill about a mile from that town, the prisoner Perdy put his horses into a furious gallop down the hill. His example was followed by the other prisoner, who endeavoured to overtake him; and a most terrific race ensued between the two carriages, the velocity of both increasing by their own accelerated descent down an abrupt hill. The road was wide enough for three carriages to pass each other; but the prisoner Butler, perceiving that Perdy was keeping ahead of him, pushed his horses on, and, waving his hat and cheering, suddenly turned his leaders in front of the leaders of the Holyhead mail, which, in consequence of being jammed in between the bank of the road and the other vehicle, was immediately upset. The consequences were frightful. The deceased was killed on the spot, the witness had a leg and an arm shattered most dreadfully; and a gentleman's servant, named Fenner, was taken up almost lifeless.

Thomas Fenner confirmed the last witness. He stated that both the prisoners were flogging their horses at a most furious rate down the hill, and he was convinced that the accident might have been avoided with common care, notwithstanding the velocity with which the horses were driven, as there was quite room enough for the Chester mail to have passed the Holyhead.

Mr. Baron Gurney summed up the case for the jury in an eloquent and impressive manner. The jury found the prisoners "Guilty." The learned Judge, in passing sentence, commented on the conduct of the prisoners in terms of strong animadversion. His Lordship laid it down distinctly, as a proposition not to be disputed, that it was unlawful for the driver to put his horses into a gallop, and that he was answerable for all the consequences of an infringement of this law. The driver of a stage-coach was bound to protect even the intoxicated, the blind, the aged, and the helpless against their own want of caution or imprudence. The case now before the Court presented circumstances of gross aggravation, and his Lordship felt it his duty to pronounce the severest judgment that the law would allow, which was that the prisoners should be severally confined in the common gaol of this county for the term of one year.

One of the most serious accidents was caused by the breaking down of the Hertford coach, by which nearly all the passengers, thirty-four in number, were severely hurt.

An extraordinary occurrence connected with the road occurred in April, 1820, when a gentleman of noble connection, high fashion, and large fortune had his carriage and horses seized on their way from Brighton to London, in consequence of the carriage containing smuggled goods. A replevin was afterwards effected, on the payment of £500. The real state of the case was as follows:—The coachman had the folly to secrete two half-ankers of Hollands gin within the vehicle; and his fellow-servant, the footman, angry at not being let into the secret, laid an information, and the seizure of the carriage and horse was the consequence.

A CANOE FEAT.—On Saturday Mr. E. H. Rhys, an amateur, undertook, for a wager, to canoe from Windsor Lock to Westminster Bridge, a distance of 42½ miles, in ten hours. Mr. G. W. Wright, of Windsor, officiated as umpire and referee, and accompanied the competitor in a boat rowed by the champion puntmen, R. and C. Whatford, of Hampton. The morning was wet and dull. At 6.30 a.m. Mr. Rhys went away in capital and steady form at the rate of six miles an hour, passing Datchet at 6.40 a.m., Albert Bridge at 6.48, and arriving at Old Windsor Lock at 6.58. Bell Lock was reached at 7.30. At this point the rain ceased and the sun shone out beautifully, and Mr. Rhys had done the first seven miles in one hour. At Chertsey Lock he got out of his canoe and rested five minutes. At Hampton Bridge Mr. Rhys was cheered by a number of spectators. At Hampton Court Palace he rested ten minutes, and partook of some old ale. Teddington Lock was reached at eleven o'clock. Here the rain again came on in torrents, but, notwithstanding, a number of persons had assembled to congratulate the canoeist. Mr. Rhys took breakfast here. Up to this point he paddled in a boat built by Messenger. After resting for fifty-five minutes he manned his boat, a ringleader, built by Whatford, of Hampton, and started off fresh and strong. Richmond Bridge was passed under at 12.25, and Isleworth Church at 12.35, travelling at the rate of five miles an hour. He arrived at Westminster Bridge at 2.40, completing the 42½ miles in eight hours and ten minutes, having one hour and fifty minutes to spare. The betting was 2 and 3 to 1 against Mr. Rhys doing the journey.

DYEING AT HOME.—JUDSON'S SIMPLE DYES.—Judson's Dyes are the best for dyeing in a few minutes ribbons, feathers, scarfs, lace, braid, veils, shawls, &c., violet, magenta, crimson, mauve, pink, &c., 6d. per bottle. Of all Chemists and Stationers.—[Advt.]

THE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.

THESE sports came off on the Great Lines on Thursday week, and, notwithstanding the exceedingly unpropitious character of the weather, the popularity of this great annual event drew together a large concourse of people. The well-filled and capably-arranged programme was, with characteristic pluck and energy, carried through, and, though the rain came down in torrents, the great bulk of the people remained to the last.

Committee: Lieutenant-Colonel Cox, R.E.; Lieutenant-Colonel Leahy, Major Crozier, Captain Fellowes, Captain Patten, Lieutenant Jessop, Lieutenant Rawson, Lieutenant Onslow, Sergeant-Major Cottrell, Q.M.S. Neild, Major Maquay, Captain Melville, Captain A. K. Haslett, Captain Sale, Q.M. Jones, Lieutenant Bor, Lieutenant Hon. M. Talbot, Sergeant-Major M'Queen, Q.M.S. Goulding, Q.M.S. Cooper, and Troop and Company Sergeant-Majors.

Judges: Major Crozier, Captain Melville, Captain Patten, Lieutenant Bor.

Starters: Captain Fellowes, Sergeant-Major W. Cottrell.

We regret that our space will not admit of giving the return of the several races, which, however, were generally well contested.

In consequence of the very unfavourable state of the weather, the band was not able to perform. In addition to the money prizes given by the corps, the under-mentioned gifts were distributed as follow:—Timepiece, first, No. 4 race (presented by J. W. Benson, Esq., Ludgate-hill); packet of tea, second, No. 4 race (presented by Mr. Thompson, Brompton); a Yorkshire ham, third, No. 4 race (presented by Mr. Mens, Brompton); watch, first, No. 5 race (presented by the Westminster Brewery Company); meerschaum pipe, second, No. 5 race (presented by Messrs. Cavander and Co., Portsea); biscuit-casket, first, No. 7 race (presented by Mr. C. Burfield, Brompton); watch, first, No. 8 race (presented by Mr. J. Austin); silver cup, second, No. 8 race (presented by the Westminster Brewery Company); silver cup, first, No. 11 race (presented by Mr. Owen J. Carter, Chatham); box of cigars, second, No. 11 race (presented by Messrs. Cope Brothers and Co., Liverpool); silver cup, first, No. 13 race (presented by Messrs. Jefferies and Malings, Woolwich); cabinet inkstand, first, No. 16 race (presented by Mr. T. Woolley, Brompton); silver cup, first, No. 19 race (presented by Mr. Norman, Brompton); writing-desk, second, No. 19 race (presented by Mr. G. Phillips, Chatham); walking-stick, first, No. 24 race (presented by Mr. J. Gale, Brompton); cigar-case, second, No. 24 race (presented by Messrs. Cavander and Co., Portsea).

GILBERT.—It will be remembered that Gilbert—most unfortunately for his owner and backers—hit his leg on the morning before the St. Leger, and lamed himself so badly that he finished among the beaten lot in the great race. He has been confined to his box ever since his return to Newmarket.

A CONSCRIPTION OF HORSES.—The *St. Petersburg Gazette* says that the Russian War Ministry is at present considering a project for the conscription of horses for the use of the army in time of war. According to the scheme proposed, all horses suitable for military employment may be taken by the authorities; and their owners are not to be allowed the option of redeeming them by money payments; but an indemnity will be allowed of from 40 to 80 per cent upon the cost of cavalry horses.

BRIGHTON AUTUMN MEETING.—The Brighton Autumn Handicap of 15 sovs each, with 200 added; the Welter Handicap of 10 sovs each, with 200 added; the Nursery Handicap of 15 sovs each, with 100 added; the Southdown Hurdle Race (handicap) of 10 sovs each, with 100 added; a Hurdle Race of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; and a Hunters' Flat Race; close on Oct. 19 to Mr. Dorling or Messrs. Weatherby.

THE MANATEE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The manatee, of which we gave an illustration in a recent Number, has died. We mentioned that it was the first that had ever been brought alive to England, and, unfortunately, it has not lived long enough for us to learn much more about this strange animal than was known before. The most interesting point ascertained is that the prehensile lips, which are studded with bristles, work laterally, instead of horizontally, as in other mammals. But the question of how to keep one alive, and how to feed it, has not been solved. Vegetable marrows and lettuce was the food supplied. Probably these are not sufficiently rich in saccharine matter to furnish all the nourishment it needed. Water melons are said to form a large part of its natural diet in the rivers of the north-east part of South America, which are its home, though there are no reliable accounts of its habit. Now that it is more generally known that the animal is one of especial interest to naturalists perhaps more care in local observation will be made. The body is in the hands of Professor Garrod, the prosector to the society, but no indication of the cause of death has been met with. It is expected that he will make the results known in a few days in one of the scientific journals. When it is remembered that in its natural state it swims about freely and dives, and often floats upright, according to travellers' accounts, with its head and shoulders out of water, and cleans or "combs" itself with the "fingers of its arms," it is perhaps no wonder that it did not flourish in a little pool about a yard deep in which there was but room for it to swim but once its own length. It must be regretted by all interested in the Zoological Society and its work that this was the best accommodation that could be offered the unexpected visitor. Zoologists may be glad to know that the August number of the American *Journal of Science and Arts* contains a paper by Mr. B. G. Wilder on the manatee, in which its zoological relationships are discussed, and a list of writers on the subject is given. The writer's own conclusions are thus summarised:—"The general aspect of the head and face of the fetal manatee is ungulate rather than cetacean. To this extent the embryo of a lower form resembles the adult of a higher. This, while contrary to the usually-accepted rule, may be really an exemplification of a more comprehensive law—namely, that the young of animals resemble their ancestors. This retrograde metamorphosis of the manatee points to a like retrograde evolution of the sirenian from prior ungulate forms. This idea is confirmed by what is known of the geological succession of sirenian forms. The determination of the affinities of the sirenian is likely to be accomplished by the study of brains and embryos rather than by minute osteological comparisons." It is to be hoped that the society will not be discouraged by this death, but that an effort will be made to obtain another specimen, and that a pond may be provided of a size sufficiently large to enable a manatee to "sit up" in the water and show itself to us in the position in which it has given origin to the legend of the mermaid.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]



GENTLEMEN IN WAITING.

NOTES ON NORWAY.

BY "STRAXT."

NORWEGIANS, as a rule, require an extraordinary amount of waking up before they can realise a fact or act upon instructions, however explicitly given. I was remarking on this national characteristic to a very intelligent Norwegian lady, whose knowledge of the English language was rather limited. In rebuking me for a display of impatience under very trying circumstances, I was told that the best thing I could do was to "smear myself with patience and enjoy myself fearfully to the voyage." To act upon the advice thus given was the only thing to do when I was preparing to start from Christiania on my up-country exploration. I don't know to this day the source of such an idea as "smearing oneself with patience." Anyhow, the advice was good, and I took it as it was meant. It occupied me the best part of a day to get my carriage and traps together and replace what had been lost or mislaid, and it was not till late in the evening of the day after my arrival in Christiania that I was able to make a start; but I managed to get well clear of the town, and, turning my horse's head in a westerly direction, found good and comfortable quarters for the night at Humledal, and got to Hønefoss in time for breakfast the next morning. There used to be very good fishing at Hønefoss some years ago, but the place got too popular, and sport, in consequence, suffered. About three years back the local authorities accordingly availed themselves of certain statutory enactments in force, and the trout are now taking the benefit of the Act, which closed the river for a period which is not yet expired. It is a delightful place to stop at, but as my object was sport I determined to push on at once and commence the exploration of a valley which shall be nameless, but which I had long had in my mind's eye. A long drive, a great part over very rough ground, brought me at the

end of a couple of days to the house which I intended to make my head-quarters. Here I found myself no better off than the salmon-fishers elsewhere. Early in the season a few trout had been taken, I was informed, but the water which I had intended to try was hardly sufficient for the purposes of a trial. However, I got excellent accommodation, and resolved to take the advice of the lady alluded to above. Finding that there was nothing to be done in the way of fishing, I had at once made up my mind as to how I could best "enjoy myself to the voyage." It wanted more than a fortnight to the 1st of August, when the reindeer season commences, so I at last decided on going further up country and paying some old friends a visit, where I was sure of a hearty welcome. I found my friends at home, and, further, was agreeably surprised at meeting with a river tolerably handy with enough water in it to make it worth one's while to put a rod together. I had a week's stay at this pleasant spot, and had no reason to complain of the sport I met with. It was useless, owing to the brightness of the water and the powerful rays of the sun, fishing much before four o'clock in the afternoon; but from that time till it was too dark to see the fish rose well. My daily catch amounted to about twenty-five fish on the average, not counting anything under a third of a pound, and they varied from that weight to between two and three pounds. The size, as is almost always the case, depended on the character of the water in which the fish were taken. In some places I tried I could fill my basket in a couple of hours with a lot of trout between a half and three-quarters of a pound apiece, and not one fish two ounces more or less than another. This was generally my fortune in comparatively shallow water, and especially just at any place where a small lake emptied itself into the river. There were some glorious holes in the main stream itself, difficult to get at in most instances, and requiring much wading, where anything under

a pound was looked upon rather with contempt. Such places required careful and accurate fishing, and two or three of the right sort, that would turn the scale at two pounds, and would take a quarter of an hour to bring to land, added much to the appearance of one's basket when its contents were displayed for local criticism. All the fish I got were taken with a light rod, light tackle, and a single fly. In Norway I have always had better sport with one fly than with two or three. In the first place, the fly used in the country should be a good deal larger than what one would use in water of the same character at home, and is quite as much as one can throw out nicely with an ordinary twelve-foot rod. I have little faith in small flies in Norway, however bright the water may be. The best flies I ever had, which were those I used this year, were tied for me to order by Miss Arnold, of Thorverton, near Exeter, who is well known to fishermen in the Taw and neighbouring rivers. My flies were, however, on a much larger scale than one would use for trout in Devonshire. The flies with which I have been most successful, and which are consequently my favourites, are such ones as the harelug and the alder, and for evening work the coachman. I have also found the mayfly very useful, and quite as much so out of season. Such flies as hackles I have never done much with. Neither do I care for flies like the caperer or the stone-fly. I discard a hackle as having no wings, and a caperer because I prefer a "fuzzy" body, and the rougher it is the better I like it. After a week's sport, I found myself obliged to leave, and returned to Christiania to get my letters and make a fresh start. My subsequent proceedings must be reserved for another article.